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HANDBOOK FOR TORQUAY
AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

THE
HANDBOOK FOR TORQUAY

AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD,

WITH THE
NATURAL HISTORY OF THE DISTRICT.



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HANDBOOK OF TORQUAY AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

CHAPTER I.

TORBAY.



TORBAY, one of the most beautiful and perfect bays in Europe, is situated on the southern coast of Devonshire, about midway between the Dart and the Teign. It is bounded on the north by the low promontory of Hope's Nose, and on the south by the lofty and precipitous cliffs of Berry Head, the distance between these two points being about four miles. The irregular semilunar outline thus included is about twelve miles in extent, and presents great variety of landscape feature. The depth from east to west, drawing

an imaginary line between the two headlands, is three and a half miles.

Proceeding from Hope's Nose we pass round a shallow bay detached from the general outline by the out-jetting eminence of Park Hill. To the west of this, and thus effectually protected from the east wind, is the deep cove in which the town of Torquay is built, and which is terminated on the opposite side by the wooded height of Waldon Hill. Beyond this point, the shore, which has hitherto, for the most part, presented a rocky and rugged aspect, becomes more open and of milder character. Richly wooded and highly cultivated, it slopes gently upwards from the beach to the undulating hills of the interior. Still advancing, we arrive at Corbon Head, which divides the sands of Tor Abbey from those of Livermead, the latter being themselves separated from the extensive reach of Paignton Sands by the abrupt and cavernous promontory of Livermead. The next eminence we meet with is Roundham Head, which projects between Paignton

and Goodrington Sands, the latter being terminated by some low cliffs, beyond which are the Broad Sands, and then the rocky Mumbles Point. Beyond this the cliffs again become bolder, and retain this character to their termination at Berry Head, which is the loftiest of them all. The coast-line throughout this portion is broken with coves, in the largest of which the celebrated fishing town of Brixham is situated. The hills which form the back ground of the bay vary in height from two hundred to nearly six hundred feet.

Vessels of all tonnage can find good anchorage in Torbay, in six, seven, eight, and nine fathoms, the ground being strong clay. There is no safer nor more commodious place of shelter during the W. and S. W. gales which are so frequent in the channel. In the war time, it was a favourite rendezvous of the fleet, and a regular station of the squadron under Earl St. Vincent; and even now, when the Breakwater at Plymouth has attracted so large a proportion of our floating bulwarks, the Brixham Roads often present a busy

animated scene, being crowded with merchantmen of every size and build. It was at one time seriously proposed to build a Breakwater here, which would have removed the single objection to which Torbay is exposed as a harbour of refuge, viz., the heavy swell which rolls in when the wind blows from the east. Had this been done, no part of the coast would have offered more or greater advantages. But the project has never been carried into effect. The estimated expense was 1,120,000*l*.

The Flat-rock, Oar-stone, and Thatcher, detached masses of limestone off Hope's Nose—the Shag-stone near the quarry at the west end of Meadfoot Sands, and the Saddle-rock off Park Hill, are the only rocks of any importance in the bay.

The country along the shores of the bay is apportioned among the parishes of St. Mary Church, Tormoham, Cockington, Paignton, Maldon, Brixham, and Churston Ferrers. These are included in the Hundred of Haytor, and form part of the eastern boundary of the South Hams—

a district limited by the rivers Tamar and Teign, the Dartmoor and the Channel, and which, for its fertility and beauty, is called the "Garden of Devonshire."

Such is a very general sketch of the country in the immediate vicinity of Torquay, the outline features of a landscape which our succeeding pages will fill up; but, even from this, the reader will be able to form some little idea of the variety and beauty of the scenery which meets him at every point. A long range of bold rocky coast is imposing from its grandeur. The soft sweep of turf-clad hills and extended lawns is pleasant, with suggestive images of peace and plenty. But the eye may grow weary of either, from frequent repetition; and the changeful emotions of the mind, which never rests in unvaried moods, crave more than one set of *inanimate* features can bestow. Hence the great advantage of diversified scenery—an advantage which is especially recognised by those whom the sameness of the sick chamber renders more than ordinarily susceptible of external

impressions. It is no slight matter for such to be able at one view to take in a wide expanse of blue sea, crags of every hue and shape, luxuriant woods and emerald pastures, and the white terraced houses and flowery gardens, which bespeak the thought and the labour of man; or, in the contracted compass of an invalid's walk or drive, to pass from the open shore and its sparkling waters to the quiet solitude of a pastoral valley, or the shaded windings of the elm-girded lane. These are real benefits, alike conducive to mental refreshment and to bodily health, and the neighbourhood of Torbay presents them in perfection.

Nor are historic recollections wanting to lend their aid, for though Torquay itself is but, as it were, a creation of yesterday, the bay has been witness of scenes which will not readily pass from the minds of Englishmen.

On the 19th of October, 1688, William, Prince of Orange, embarked at Helvoetsluys in the frigate "Brill," and sailed with a powerful fleet, conveying that army which was destined to put an

end for ever to the mis-rule in England of the unhappy race of Stuart. When half the distance between the Dutch and English coasts had been traversed, a violent storm from the west drove them back upon the shore of Holland. But the damage done was soon repaired, and on the 1st of November he again put to sea. "The wind blew fresh from the east. The armament, during twelve hours, held a course towards the north-west. The light vessels sent out by the English admiral for the purpose of obtaining intelligence, brought back news which confirmed the prevailing opinion that the enemy would try to land in Yorkshire. All at once, on a signal from the prince's ship, the whole fleet tacked, and made sail for the British Channel. The same breeze which favoured the voyage of the invaders prevented Dartmouth from coming out of the Thames. His ships were forced to strike yards and topmasts, and two of his frigates, which had gained the open sea, were shattered by the violence of the weather, and driven back into the river.

“Meanwhile the Dutch fleet ran fast before the gale, and reached the straits at about ten in the morning of Saturday the 3rd of November. William, himself, in the ‘Brill,’ led the way. More than six hundred vessels, with canvas spread to a favourable wind, followed in his train. The transports were in the centre. The men-of-war, more than fifty in number, formed an outer rampart.”

“Soon after mid-day he passed the straits. His fleet spread to within a league of Dover on the north, and of Calais on the south. The men-of-war on the extreme right and left saluted both fortresses at once; the troops appeared under arms on the decks; the flourish of trumpets, the clash of cymbals, and the rolling of drums, were distinctly heard at once on the English and French shores. An innumerable company of gazers blackened the white beach of Kent. Another mighty multitude covered the coast of Picardy. Rapin de Thoyras, who, driven by persecution from his country, had taken service in the Dutch army and accompanied the prince to England,

described the spectacle, many years later, as the most magnificent and affecting that was ever seen by human eyes. At sunset, the armament was off Beachy Head; then the lights were kindled; the sea was in a blaze for many miles; but the eyes of all the steersmen were fixed throughout the night on three huge lanterns which flamed on the stern of the 'Brill.' ”

“ When Sunday the 4th of November dawned, the cliffs of the Isle of Wight were full in view of the Dutch armament. That day was the anniversary both of William's birth and of his marriage. Sail was slackened during part of the morning; and divine service was performed on board of the ships. In the afternoon and through the night the fleet held on in its course. Torbay was the place where the prince intended to land; but the morning of Monday, the 5th of November, was hazy. The pilot of the 'Brill' could not discern the sea-marks, and carried the fleet too far to the west. The danger was great; to return in the face of the wind was impossible. Plymouth was the

next port ; but at Plymouth a garrison had been posted, under the command of Lord Bath. The landing might be opposed and a check might produce serious consequences. There could be little doubt, moreover, that by this time, the royal fleet had got out of the Thames, and was hastening full sail down the channel. Russell saw the whole extent of the peril, and exclaimed to Burnet, —‘ You may go to prayers, doctor, all is over.’ At that moment the wind changed ; a soft breeze sprang up from the south ; the mist dispersed ; the sun shone forth ; and under the mild light of an autumnal noon, the fleet turned back, passed round the lofty cape of Berry Head, and rode safe in the harbour of Torbay.

“ Since William looked on that harbour, its aspect has greatly changed. The amphitheatre which surrounds the spacious basin, now exhibits everywhere the signs of prosperity and civilisation.

* * * But then its quiet shores were undisturbed by the bustle either of commerce or of pleasure ; and the huts of ploughmen and fishermen were

thinly scattered over what is now the site of crowded marts and of luxurious pavilions."

"The disembarkation instantly commenced. Sixty boats conveyed the troops to the coast; Mackay was sent on shore first with the British regiments; the prince soon followed; he landed where the quay of Brixham now stands: the whole aspect of the place has been altered. Where we now see a port crowded with shipping, and a market-place swarming with buyers and sellers, the waves then broke on a desolate beach; but a fragment of the rock on which the deliverer stepped from his boat, has been carefully preserved, and is set up as an object of public veneration in the centre of that busy wharf."—MACAULAY'S *Hist. of England*, vol. ii.

And well may we gaze upon that stone with feelings of the deepest gratitude to that overruling providence, which in so signal a manner rescued our beloved country from the oppression and the degradation which would otherwise have been her unhappy fate !

More than a century passed, and the bay again witnessed the arrival of one no less illustrious : but how different his character, how diverse the end for which he was reserved. His power stricken down on the bloody field of Waterloo, his very existence as an independent monarch rendered impossible, the Emperor Napoleon, who would have enslaved all Europe had his course been unarrested, sought a refuge in the land which he had so often menaced with invasion, and found—a prison. On the 15th of July, 1815, he was received on board the *Bellerophon*. At break of day on the 24th they were close to Dartmouth. Bertrand went into the cabin and informed the Emperor, who came on deck at half-past four in the morning, and remained on the poop till the anchor was dropped in Torbay. He was much struck with the aspect of the scenery, and exclaimed, “What a beautiful country ! it very much resembles Porto Ferrajo, in Elba.” He was not allowed to land, nor were any persons permitted to go on board ; Lord Keith and Sir John

Duckworth being the only individuals excepted by the Admiralty despatches. No sooner, however, was it known on shore that Napoleon was on board the *Bellerophon*, than the ship was surrounded by a crowd of boats filled with people, who came from all quarters to see him. He came often on deck, and frequently surveyed his visitors from the gangways and stern windows, observing to Captain Maitland that "the English appeared to have a very large portion of curiosity." Whenever he saw any well-dressed women he pulled off his hat and bowed to them. During the two days that he remained here, presents of fruit were sent to the fallen monarch from the Abbey gardens, a graceful mark of attention which he did not fail to appreciate.

Since then, in times of profound peace and quiet prosperity, our present gracious Sovereign has twice visited the bay in her steam yacht, viz., in August 1847, and in July of the last year.

CHAPTER II.

TORQUAY.

THE town of Torquay, situated, as we have already noticed, in a deep cove formed by the projection of the promontory of Park Hill, which juts out from the general curve of Torbay, is a place of very recent growth. Sixty years ago it was a mere fishing village. Now, according to the last census, it contains a population of 11,000 inhabitants; is visited by invalids from all quarters of the globe; is rich in handsome houses and well-kept gardens, in public institutions and admirable shops; in everything in short which can conduce to the comfort of life for the healthy, and the alleviation of suffering for the sick. All this is the result, as its second cause,

of the extreme salubrity of its climate, which, as we shall prove in the section devoted to that branch of our subject, is undoubtedly the best, for consumptive patients especially, of any in the British Islands.

The site which it occupies is of irregular formation, and beautiful from its very irregularity. The cove opens to the south-west. It is bounded on the east by Park Hill, on the west by Waldon Hill, and on the north by the Braddons and Warberry Hill. Between these, two valleys run; one to the north, at the extremity of which is the small town of Tor, now connected with Torquay by a continuous line of building; the other towards the east, to Babbicombe and St. Mary Church. The first houses were built round the harbour, which is protected by a handsome stone pier, erected in 1806, at the sole expense of the late Sir Lawrence Palk, Bart. Gradually, as the population increased, the sides of the hills became occupied with houses, and now they are studded with villas to the summits. In one direction the

town has grown eastward, passed the ridge of Park Hill and Silver Hill, and developed a thriving offshoot in the bay of Meadfoot. In another it has crowned the height between Torquay and St. Mary Church, extending to almost within a stone's throw of the outskirts of that place.

The many advantages of this arrangement, which, as we have stated, was forced upon the builders rather by necessity than choice, are very apparent. The lower parts are, of course, the most sheltered, and consequently the most warm. As we ascend the heights the air becomes freer and more bracing, while at the summit of the hills it is as pure and invigorating as could be desired by any of the wind-loving members of our species. All persons may therefore find what they desire, or what their peculiarities demand. They may place themselves where the cold air can rarely reach them, and thrive, if thriving be possible for them, as the delicate exotics in our green-houses. Or they may station themselves on a loftier post, where the atmospheric currents are more lively,

and may gain with this a wider prospect and more various view. Which of these localities is desirable in any particular case, must be determined by its own special characteristics, but it is no slight matter to have the choice lying within such manageable limits. It is not necessary for patients here, as in Madeira for instance, to migrate to the mountains to be cooled or braced; within the distance of a few hundred yards, without breaking up old associations or disturbing household arrangements, more than the mere act of moving necessitates, they can readily obtain whatever change they need, and return as easily should further alteration be required.

We must advance, however, and enter upon more specific details, seeing that our object is to *guide* as well as to describe in generalities.

The harbour is nearly surrounded on three sides by Vaughan Parade, the Strand, and Victoria Parade;—the two chief inns and the principal shops are situated here. From the southern extremity of Victoria Parade, and at right angles to it, is

Beacon Terrace, a range of commodious dwelling-houses, which have an excellent aspect, and command a good view of the bay and opposite coast. At the other end of Victoria Parade is Market Street, leading to Torwood Road and the public gardens. This is terminated a little above the market by a road, which crosses it, and leads on the right hand along Park Crescent, Park Street, and Park Place, and by Trinity Church to the villas, crescent, and sands of Meadfoot, and on the left, to the Higher Terrace, one of the warmest and best situations in Torquay, which is behind the Strand, but considerably elevated above, and separated from it by a sloping bank covered with turf and shrubs. Between the Higher and Lower terraces a road turns off up hill, leading past Montpellier Terrace to St. John's Chapel of Ease, and thence either into the Tor Road, or to the right up a very steep acclivity to the villas on the Braddons.

The Tor Road commences at the western extremity of the Strand, and runs up the centre of that valley which we have already noticed as taking

a northerly direction between the Waldon and Braddon hills. It forms one continuous street, the greater portion of which is known by the name of Union Street, the commencement being designated Fleet Street and Braddon's Row. At the termination of the last-named, the Abbey Road branches off to the left, leading to the parish church of Tormoham, and at the angle formed by the junction of these two roads, is situated the newly built Town Hall, an edifice of no very great pretensions, but a vast improvement upon its predecessor, which was an absolute disgrace to the town. Opposite the Town Hall there are also three other new buildings,—the Abbey Road Independent Chapel and Schools, and the Wesleyan Chapel. The chief objects of interest in this otherwise dull and wearisome length of hilly street, are the new church of St. Mary Magdalene, which was erected a few years ago by subscription, to supply the pressing need of increased church accommodation, and is now the parish church of what is called the Upton District ; and the Torbay

Infirmary and Dispensary in its immediate neighbourhood. The church is much admired by many persons, but sufficient funds have not yet been collected to build the tower, and it has therefore a somewhat unfinished appearance. In the Infirmary there is nothing to offend the eye, but as little, in our estimation, to gratify it. Altogether Torquay can make no boast of the beauty of her public buildings. Nature, not Art, has been her great benefactress.

CHAPTER III.

WALKS ABOUT TORQUAY.

WALK I.—PARK HILL, DADDY-HOLE PLAIN, SILVER HILL,
AND MEADFOOT.

PASSING along Victoria Parade, and observing from the pier the view of the woods and grounds of Tor Abbey, the picturesque Waldon Hill, (disfigured though it is by a row of unsightly villas) and the varied aspect of the coast towards Paignton, we turn up Beacon Terrace, and walk to the flag-staff on the Beacon Hill. This is a very favourable point for observation ; before and beneath us lies the bay, presenting all those varied, changeful hues which render the aspect of the sea so beautiful, its many colours and its restless surface picturing to us, as on a mirror, the workings of our own ever-moving spirits. We stood there

yesterday. A brisk breeze was blowing from the west. A sloop of war was moving slowly along, as she waited for her boats which had been sent ashore. Yachts and boats of all kinds flitted here and there, careening to the wind, and throwing the white foam from their glittering bows. Every portion of the water had a character of its own. The clear pale green close in shore, where the white pebbles of the beach shone through, the deep blue further out, the grey where the wind fell heaviest, and the rich purple marking the movements of the flying clouds over head; while gleams of sunshine struck on the multiform projections of the bounding cliffs, and deepened the shadows in their recesses, or glistened on the windows of the villas above, and made the trees sparkle as they trembled in the breeze. It was a scene to be remembered and to do one good. And such may be often witnessed; for nature is prodigal of her beauties, and is ever working out new pleasures for those who have eyes to see and hearts to feel them.

Immediately below the beacon is the ladies' bathing cove, a small and sheltered recess, bounded by rocks which are well deserving of notice.

Proceeding up the hill a narrow road leads along the summit of the cliffs to what is called Land's End,—so named we presume from the abruptness with which the walk terminates, at the edge of a quarry. From this there is a good view of a natural arch, which has received the absurd title of London Bridge. There are many such formations in the limestone rocks along the coast. The one of which we now write is remarkable for the almost perpendicular direction of the strata of which it is composed.

Returning from this point to the road from which we had diverged, we pass on the left hand, and still ascending, Woodbine Cottage, built by the late Miss Johnes, and now in the occupation of R. Dearden, Esq. A few years ago it was nothing more than a wild furze brake. Now it is one of the show places of the neighbourhood. The grounds are laid out with great taste, planted

with rare and luxuriant shrubs, among which, half concealed, are green-houses stored with exotics. The cottage is surrounded by a colonnade of pollards, and the interior is fitted up with much elegance; the floors are inlaid with beautiful specimens of the marble for which Devonshire is so celebrated, and one of the apartments opens upon a conservatory, well furnished with valuable plants. From the summit of the hill behind these grounds there is one of the best panoramic views of Torquay, which, like all other panoramas, is indescribable in words, and unmanageable by any representation saving a circular canvas lining a circular room: but all visitors should see it, and that more than once, and at different periods of the day, that they may observe the effect as the light falls at various angles upon the scene.

At the termination of the road which led us to this point are the grounds of Rockend, which are well worthy of inspection, but not very accessible, the proprietor being somewhat chary of permission to view.

Turning therefore up the hill we reach a lane leading to Daddy-Hole Plain, an open down, where the air is pure and invigorating, and from which the eye can take in the greatest portion of Torbay, with its embracing shores ; the roadstead and busy town of Brixham ; the heights of Berry Head ; a wide expanse of the Channel ; Hope's Nose ; the islets of Meadfoot Bay ; the fast rising villas, and handsome Hesketh Crescent, which now cover what was a bare hill-side a few years ago ; the houses which stud the Warberry and Braddon hills ; a part of Tor, and the distant Dartmoor, with the cleft summit of Haytor, which forms the background of the picture. The plain derives its name from a deep fissure formed by a landslip in the limestone rock, and which includes some trees and shrubs. The cliffs of which it forms the summit are exceedingly precipitous, and it requires a steady head to stand on the edge and look down upon the heaving waters far below.

From the plain there is a narrow path which leads down to Meadfoot Sands, and Hesketh

Crescent, from whence we may return to the town over the crest of Silver Hill and past Trinity Church.

WALK II.

PUBLIC GARDENS, LYNCOMBE HILL, THE NEW CUT, AND
THE WARBERRY AND BRADDONS.

LEAVING the Strand as before, we pass up Market Street, and enter upon the fine shady avenue of the Torwood Road. A short distance brings us to the public gardens, which occupy what was once a marshy bottom, but is now one of the best drained portions of Torquay, and a favourite summer-evening walk of the inhabitants. It is surrounded on three sides by neat villas. Leaving these, we pass on the left a row of houses, crowning a slight eminence, on which the old Manor House of Torwood originally stood; then turning to the right, and keeping the higher road, on which a new crescent is in process of erection, we reach the summit of Woodfield, and pause to

enjoy the prospect. The old part of the town lies below us, nestling in the bosom of its protecting hills, and the bay appears a lake. It is a beautiful scene, especially when the sun is declining in the west, and the mists of evening begin to gather round the bases of the hills, and to creep along the valleys ; while the placid water glows with gold or crimson, reflected from the sky above. Descending the other side of the hill, and taking the second turn to the left, or Lower Lyncombe Road, we perceive, in the valley below, the crescent and houses which we observed in our former walk, and on the opposite hill, the flat surface of Daddy-Hole Plain. The road, however, soon leaves these ; and winding round the shoulder of the hill, passes among ivy-covered rocks and furze-bushes, skirting the winding valley of Ilsam : the scenery here is most attractive in its pastoral quietness ; there are neither sights nor sounds of a town ; green undulating hills, dotted over with sheep ; belts of wood ; the old farm-houses peeping through the orchards in the bottom ; and ever and anon, a glimpse of

the blue sea, or the line of coast towards Teignmouth and Dawlish. This is the "New Cut,"—a drive constructed very recently, and certainly one of the most interesting walks in the neighbourhood. It opens at the other end on the Babbicombe Road; this we cross, and ascend the Warberry Hill, which is now covered with large and handsome houses; and, from its summit—the highest point in the vicinity—commands a most extensive and varied prospect,—the tower of St. Mary Church; St. Michael's Chapel; Tor; part of Dartmoor; the towns of Teignmouth, Dawlish, and Exmouth; and a long reach of coast terminating in the Bill of Portland; the hills on both sides of the Dart; and an immense extent of the Channel, are all visible from this spot. Descending the hill, and still keeping west, we arrive at the lower eminence of the Braddons, with its many houses and gardens, and then descend again into the town.

WALK III.

NEW ROAD, TOR ABBEY.

LEAVING the western extremity of the Strand, and passing along Abbey Place and Cary Parade, we reach the commencement of the New Road, a broad level drive running round the base of Waldon Hill, and skirting Tor Abbey Meadows, where they join the shore: it meets the old high-road beyond the sands. This undertaking was commenced in November, 1840, and is of singular advantage to the place, by affording the only stretch of perfectly level ground, which the nature of the country allows. The rock round which it winds is exceedingly beautiful, from its varied colours and many-twisted fissures, and the climbing-plants, and shrubs, and flowers, with which the surface is diversified; while the view in every direction is most interesting and attractive. It is defended by a broad sea-wall, or rather, we should say, *appears* to be defended; for the heavy swell which rolls

into the bay during south-east gales, has more than once made sad havoc with the opposing rampart, and played with its massive blocks, as a child does with his marbles. This is chiefly owing to the material of which the wall is constructed,—a coarse red conglomerate, about the very worst that could have been selected; for the matrix in which the hard detached portions are embedded, speedily becomes disintegrated under the influence of atmospheric causes. *Tempus edax rerum* is the sermon which each stone here preaches to the eye, if not to the ear; and though this is a salutary lesson to be ever borne in mind, it is rather inconvenient to be taught in this way.

The Tor Abbey sands afford a very pleasant walk at low water, and an excellent field for the naturalist, who will find many shells in the sand; some of microscopic minuteness are exceedingly elegant and beautiful. Among the other objects of interest here, are the Harbrick Rock, a low ridge visible at low water, on which specimens of the recent Madrepore may be found; and a

tract of bog at the southern extremity, in which a vast number of trees are embedded in a good state of preservation, the remains either of an ancient avenue which has been inundated by the encroachment of the sea, or more probably the relics of a much older forest, coëval with the bones of Kent's Cavern, to be noticed in a future page.

High up in the rock of Waldon Hill there is a narrow pathway, which follows the same course as the road below, and was formerly a favourite walk, being remarkably sheltered, and affording beautiful peeps of scenery from among the shrubs which border it towards the sea. It is now less frequented, on account of various landslips, occasioned by the excavations made for a row of houses at the commencement of the road. The continuity of the path has, however, been again restored; and though some portion of its beauty has been permanently destroyed, those who do not object to a pretty steep climb, will do well to traverse what remains.

Leaving the road we turn to the right, and

enter the Tor Abbey grounds, which are chiefly remarkable for their long and beautiful avenues. The old church of Tormoham is seen in the distance embosomed in trees, and in front lies the modern mansion, and the ruins of the old monastery. For the following historical account of the latter we are indebted to the researches of the Rev. Dr. G. Oliver of Exeter, quoted in the *Panorama of Torquay*, a book now out of print.

St. Norbert erected his first monastery of canons regular of the Rule of St. Augustine, about the year 1120, in a lonely valley called Premontre, in the diocese of Laon. From this mother-house the order derived its name. In England there were thirty-two Norbertine or Premonstratensian houses, with a rental at the dissolution of 4807*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.* per annum. The yearly revenues of Tor Abbey were rated at 396*l.* 0*s.* 11*d.* It was dedicated to the honour of the Holy Saviour, and was richly founded by William Lord Brewer, A.D. 1196. It was colonised from Welbeck House in Nottinghamshire, the Abbots of which were especially

licensed by the Holy See to preside at the elections of its superiors, and to present the persons elected to the Diocesan for confirmation in their office. Of all the monasteries of this order in England, Tor Abbey was unquestionably the best endowed, as is proved by the foundation deeds in Dugdale's "*Monasticon*," where we find grants of the manors and churches of Tor and Woolborough, Grindle Estate in Woodbury parish, the fishery of Torbay, the churches of Bradworthy, Pancraswike, and North Shillingford, the lands of Coleton and Ilsam, and the right of common on Dartmoor. Kingswear was added by Walter de Vasey. Robert Viscount de Courtenay, on the 26th July, 1242, granted also in perpetuum to Tor Abbey the Prebend of Ashclyst, attached to St. Mary's chapel within the Castle of Exeter. The ancient church was richly furnished with cloth of gold, with copes and other ecclesiastical ornaments, as appears from a letter of Bishop Grandisson, fol. 56, vol. i. of his register—"pannis aureis et capis."

We have met with the following abbots of Tor:—

I. ADAM. He was a canon of Welbeck, and with six more of his brethren arrived at Tor on the 25th of March, 1196. After governing this infant establishment for about three years and a half, he retired to Newhus, in Lincolnshire, the parent house of the order in England.

II. SIMON appears as abbot in an agreement (dated Tuesday before Easter, Anno 35, Henrici III.) with Reginald de Mohun, the Lord of Dunster, whose father had married Alice, the fourth daughter of his guardian, William Lord Brewer, the founder above mentioned. This nobleman had his court-house at Tor, "*Curia sua de Thorre,*" which was situated behind the east end of the parish church there; and with the consent of Abbot SIMON erected a domestic chapel in his mansion. Here this religious nobleman died most piously on Sunday, January 20, 1257, as we learn from the register of Newenham Abbey.

ROBERT also appears as the second abbot, his

name being found as a witness to a covenant between the Dean and Chapter of Exeter and the Abbot and Convent of Buckfastleigh, made at Exeter on the 29th of June, 1228. How this seeming discrepancy is to be reconciled does not appear.

III. BRIANUS, confirmed abbot by Bishop Bronescombe, on Whit-Sunday, 1264.

IV. RICHARD, admitted by the same bishop on Ascension-day, 1270.

V. SIMON DE PLYMPTON, confirmed by Bishop Grandisson, 7th of September, 1330.

VI. JOHN, admitted by the same Bishop, 21st of May, 1349.

VII. JOHN CRAS, succeeded, 6th December, 1351.

VIII. RICHARD.

IX. JOHN BERKEDENE. In fol. 31., vol. i., Reg. Brantyngham is copied this abbot's deed, dated from the chapter-house at Tor Abbey, October 1372, by which he binds himself and succeeding abbots to provide a priest to officiate daily in the new chapel of the Holy Trinity,

within the town of Clyfton Dertemuth, which had just been dedicated by Bishop Brantyngham. Should divine service be omitted by fault of the abbot, then the tithes of Tunstall Church, appropriated to the Abbey, were to be under sequestration until 100 shillings were paid for each omission to the mayor and commonalty of Dartmouth. From No. 41, *Inquisitiones ad quod damnum* Edward III., it seems that the space allotted for this chapel was one acre.

X. WILLIAM NORTON confirmed abbot, 27th July, 1382. This abbot exhibited to Bishop Brantyngham the bull of Martin IV. in favour of his monastery. Notwithstanding the abbot's irreproachable life and manners, some malicious person spread a rumour that he had beheaded one of the canons of Tor, called Simon Hastings. When the report reached his ears, he was distressed beyond measure, and earnestly courted investigation. Bishop Brantyngham, on the 14th August, 1390, pronounced the accusation to be a falsehood of the blackest dye,—declared that the

above-mentioned canon was alive and well,—bore the most unequivocal testimony to the abbot's blameless character,—and issued the sentence of excommunication against his defamers, vol. i. Reg., folio 211. In this abbot's time, viz., 24th July, 1405, Tunstall Vicarage was taxed by Bishop Stafford, and was signed with the chapter seal of Tor three days later.

XI. MATTHEW YERDE or YARD succeeded, 19th July, 1412, and was shortly after summoned to the convocation of the clergy to be holden at St. Paul's early in the ensuing February.

XII. WILLIAM MYCHEL received the Episcopal Benediction, after his election, from Bishop Stafford, in the chapel of Clyst Palace, 19th March, 1413-14.

XIII. JOHN LACEY, instituted 31st January, 1442. His death happened 13th November, 1455; on the 24th of the same month the prior and convent addressed a petition to the abbot of Welbeck to assist as soon as possible at the election of a successor. By the rule of the order

the prior should take to Welbeck the seal of the deceased abbot; on this occasion urgent business prevented his presence, and the seal was forwarded by a confidential deputy.

XIV. RICHARD CODE. We find him summoned to the convocation of the clergy in 1463.

XV. THOMAS DYARE or DYER. He occurs in leases from 1502 to 1523. He was the granter of the "Church Howse," afterwards the parish workhouse at Tor, on the 27th May, 1520.

XVI. SIMON REDE, elected and confirmed in August, 1523. He was the last abbot, and surrendered his monastery, with fifteen of his religious brethren, 25th April, 31st of Henry VIII. He was still alive in 1553. For his ready compliance with the wishes of the court, he was gratified with a pension of 66*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* Among these fifteen monks we find the names of MYLTON, PAYNE, SHAFLEY, LANE, and BRYDGMAN.

Thus passed away, and for ever, the ancient glories of Tor Abbey. But little of it now remains. Two of its three gateways have disappeared.

Under the vaulting of the one which still exists there can be traced the arms of the Abbey, and of its founders and benefactors, the Brewers, Mohuns, and Spekes. There is a handsome massive doorway, with semicircular arches, which formed the entrance to the chapter-house. These arches are richly worked, and the columns of Purbeck stone are full of animal remains. Capitals of fallen pillars are also found among the ruins, and two stone coffins,—one lying about north and south, and seven feet long; the other lying east and west, and measuring six feet six. There is also a prostrate arch of the church, on a slab in which the following extract from “Ugbrooke Park,” a poem by the Rev. Joseph Reeve, is inscribed :—

“ Though hallow’d mitres glitter here no more,
 The friendly Abbey still adorns the shore ;
 Here meek religion’s ancient temple rose ;
 How great, how fallen, the mournful ruin shows !
 Of sacrilege, behold, what heaps appear,
 Nor blush to drop the tributary tear.
 Here stood the font,—here, on high columns raised,
 The dome extended,—there the altar blazed.

The shatter'd aisles, with clustering ivy hung,
The yawning arch in rude confusion flung :
Sad striking remnants of a former age ;
To pity now might melt the spoiler's rage.
Lo, sunk to rest the wearied vot'ry sleeps,
While o'er his urn the gloomy cypress weeps ;
Here silent pause—here draw the pensive sigh—
Here musing learn to live, here learn to die ! ”

These lines are not a bad specimen of the sort of rhyming which passed current for poetry at one time, and have been, not very long ago, dignified by the epithet beautiful, though it does not readily appear upon what definition of the term “ beauty ” their claim to such an adjective can be rested. Certainly the idea that the

“ Sad striking relics of a former age
To pity *now* might melt the spoiler's rage ; ”

that same spoiler having been turned to dust some three centuries ago, and his rage, we presume, being by this time pretty well evaporated, is sufficiently amusing, though the author did not mean it to produce this effect. But the last two lines are the worst ; for besides being puerile in the highest degree, they give expression to a

sentiment which is absolutely false. We do not "learn to live" by musing upon ruins; nor will this process teach us how to die. A lesson in truth, and a high and important one, we may learn by gazing on those records of the past; for they teach us the vanity of earth and its works; they show how completely what was once noticeable may pass into forgetfulness, what was beautiful may decay. But they do not and they cannot teach us how to live. *That* must be learned in a different school, in the active mingling with our fellow men, in the diligent exercise of the social and domestic charities, in the strenuous working out the mandates of our Great Master, with His heaven-sent Directory in our hands. There is not a more mischievous fallacy than that which would persuade us that a life of contemplative seclusion is the most holy, the most conducive to spiritual prosperity. We were sent into the world to *work*, not to be *idle*; to *do* His will, not to dream away our days in lazy uselessness.—But to return from this digression.

The ancient refectory of the monks has been converted into a chapel, in which the Roman Catholic service is still conducted. It is very simple and chaste in the interior. The roof is formed by bending ribs of oak, embellished at the intersecting angles by appropriate devices ; and on the side walls are some monuments. The altar is of dark and white marble, formed in imitation of Mount Calvary ; the summit is surmounted by an exquisitely carved crucifix, and behind it is a fine picture of the crucifixion by Murillo.

After the dissolution, Henry VIII., by letters patent dated January 20th, and 34th year of his reign, granted the monastery to John St. Ledger, Esq. He, by deed dated 14th June, 35th year of Henry VIII., granted it to Sir Hugh Pollard. Sir Hugh Pollard, grandson of Sir Hugh, by deed dated 2nd of April, 22nd year of Elizabeth, granted it to Sir Edward Seymour, Knight. Edward Seymour (son and heir of Sir Edward), by deed dated 18th of November, 41st of Elizabeth, sold it to Thomas Ridgeway, Esq., ancestor of the

Ridgeways, earls of Londonderry. This family kept possession until the year 1653 or 1654, when it was sold to Joseph Stowell, Esq. Finally, the last-mentioned gentleman sold it in 1622 to Sir George Cary, Knight, great nephew of Sir George Cary, the treasurer of Ireland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and Lord Deputy Lieutenant of that kingdom in the beginning of the reign of James I., with whose descendants it still continues.

This family has given two prelates to the see of Exeter, viz., James Cary, who, from the station of a private ecclesiastic, was appointed by Pope Martin V. to the vacant bishopric, but died before his installation; the other, Valentine Cary, who died June 10th, 1626, and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral, London.

Sir W. Cary, who was slain at the battle of Tewkesbury, A.D. 1471, 11th Edward IV., was the common ancestor of the three following branches. He married two wives: first, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir W. Paulet, of Hinton, by whom he had issue, R. Cary of Cockington, from whose second

son, and Mary Southcote, his wife, the Carys of Tor Abbey are descended. From the eldest son, married to the daughter and heiress of E. Deveich, Esq., of Oakhampton, the Carys of Launceston spring.

Sir W. Cary's second wife was Allis Fulford, daughter of Sir Baldwin Fulford, of Great Fulford, and from this union three noble houses are descended—the Earls of Monmouth and Dover, Viscount Falkland, and Lord Hunsdon.

Sir William's son Robert married the daughter of W. Faulkerham, Esq., from whom came the Carys of Clovelly.

A curious print by Vertue, an engraving from an oil painting dated 1580, belonging to Lord Hunsdon, is preserved at Tor Abbey. It is entitled "*Potentiss^a Elizabeth^a Angli^e Regin^a ad Nobilism, D.D. Henricum Cary, Baronum de Hunsdon, consobrinum suam, Processio Regalis.*" The royal procession of Queen Elizabeth, to visit the Right Honourable Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, &c. &c. &c., Knight of the Most Noble Order of

the Garter, Privy Councillor and Cousin German to Her Majesty, by the Lady Mary, sister to Queen Anna Boleyn. Lord Hunsdon carries the sword of state before the Queen. Lords Burleigh, Leicester, and Howard, and their ladies make up the pageant.

The present mansion was built by the Ridgeways, partly from the materials of the monastery, and is a simple structure void of all pretensions to architectural beauty. It consists of a centre and two wings, the western being connected with the ancient castellated gateway, with octagonal towers and battlements. It was a favourite residence of Earl St. Vincent, during the war, when the channel fleet was chiefly stationed in Torbay; and among other interesting documents preserved there, are the plans drawn up by him, in case a battle should take place with the French fleet. The mansion contains many fine paintings, among which are "Apollo playing to Jesse" by Callcott; "Aurora" by Phillips; "Children Overtaken by a Storm," and a "Peasant

Boy and Girl" by Hervard; "The Descent of Eurydice," "The Distressed Father," "The Lavinia," and a "Night Scene" by Thompson; "Juno Feeding the Eagle" by Sir William Beechy; and a full-length figure by Opie.

The garden and grounds are tastefully laid out.

WALK IV.

TOR, TOR CHURCH, ST. MICHAEL'S CHAPEL, AND UPTON.

THERE are two routes by which we may reach Tor,—either by Union Street or Orchard Terrace, as we have formerly noticed, or by the Tor Abbey grounds, pursuing the same course as in our last walk: the first affords the most complete view of Tor itself, and enables the pedestrian to inspect the nursery gardens of Mr. Morgan. There are not, however, many objects of interest. In either case the parish church is the chief point of notice.

This is a venerable building, supposed to date from the commencement of the 14th century,

replacing a more ancient structure. It is beautifully situated. We know few more attractive views than that which meets our eye, when standing in the churchyard we look over the abbey grounds to the glittering waters of the bay, and the line of country beyond; noble trees, and bright green fields, contrasting admirably with the deep-red rocks and blue sea. The churchyard itself has been more than once enlarged, but is still far too small to meet the requirements of a place so rapidly enlarging as Torquay; accordingly a cemetery company has been lately formed, with every prospect of success. It will do much good to the town, by diminishing, at least, the number of intramural interments, which are indefensible upon any plea of social benefit.

The church is by no means an imposing edifice, externally or internally. It contains, however, some ancient monuments; the oldest gravestone bears date October 4th, 1516, and is to the memory of one of the Bartlot family. In the south aisle is a monument to the memory of the

Ridgeway family, with the effigy of a knight in armour, surmounted by his helmet and armorial bearings, and with long inscriptions to the memory of John Ridgeway, Esq., and his son Thomas, who died in 1598. On the north side of the communion table is the vault of the Cary family, surmounted by an elaborately wrought altar tomb in a niche in the chancel wall. Near the vestry door is a slab to the memory of William Lee, of Kenn, who died at Tor Abbey, May 8, 1634; and which has the following quaint lines:—

“A carcas heare In tombe doth lye
Which once a Soule did butyfy,
Fild with divine Rayes from above,
Made happy with yē Great God's love;
Peace did attend in life and death,
Sqe lived and soe resygne his breath.
If blessed bee peace mackers,
Blest is hee
Who with yē blessed
Blest for aye shall bee.”

The interior has been greatly improved during the last two years, the old disfiguring boxes which served for pews having been removed, and a

handsome painted window having been placed in the side aisle.

For the following sketch of the "Parochial History," we are indebted to Blewitt's "Panorama," from which we have already derived so much assistance.

"The ancient village of Tormohun was formerly called Tor-brewer, from the renowned and honourable family of that name who possessed the manor. From the talent and reputation of the Brewers many places in this county were distinguished by their name, as Tor-brewer, Buckland-brewer, and Teign-brewer. It is said that they were descended from Richard Bruer, a celebrated captain and follower of the Norman conqueror. Lord William Brewer, the founder of Tor abbey, Baron of Torbay and Totnes, is supposed to have been born at Tor. This nobleman was eminently distinguished by the favour of Henry II., Richard I., King John, and Henry III. He enjoyed the most brilliant honours, publick employments, civil and military places of trust, and the high favour of no less

than four kings following ; all which may speak him to have been one of the most extraordinary persons either of his own, or any time since.' He founded in this county the Abbey of Dunkeswell, and endowed a priory of Benedictine nuns in honour of St. Catherine, within the manor of Palsloe, in the 12th century ; the Augustine Hospital of St. John, at Bridgewater, in Somersetshire ; and the Augustine Priory of Motesfont, in Hampshire. King John 'gave him license to enclose his woods at Teare (now Tor), Cadelegh, Raddon, and Ailesberie, in Devon, and Burghwalter (now Bridgewater), in Somerset, with free liberty to hunt the hare, fox, cat, and wolf, throughout all Devonshire.' King Henry III. gave him the wardship of Reginald de Mohun, Lord of Dunster, who afterwards married Alicia, fifth and youngest daughter of his guardian, by whom he became possessed of the 'manors of Thor, Waggeburgh (Woolborough), Kadele, Heelberton, Acford, Braworthy, and Axminster,' in this county, and other property in Somersetshire.

Reginald de Mohun left two sons, Reginald and William, who conveyed over to his brother Reginald the manors of Tor and Maryngelegh, in Devonshire, and Endcombe als Codecombe in Somersetshire, &c., in exchange for the manor of Axminster, on which he proposed to establish a colony of Cistercian monks; this grant received the sanction of Pope Innocent IV., who took the Monastery de novo Manso, or Newenham, under his immediate guardianship in 1248. Reginald de Mohun had a court-house behind the east end of the church, the residence also of the Brewers and Wakes; and the abbot of the 'Monastery of Tor' gave him permission to erect a private chapel in this place, as will be seen in the description of Tor Abbey. A few traces of these buildings and parts of the walls are still remaining on the east side of Tor churchyard. Reginald died here, January 20, 1257, and was interred in Newenham abbey. Tor-brewer, therefore, having thus passed from the Brewers to the Mohuns, assumed the name of Tormohun, which it has preserved through

the revolution of six hundred years, to the present period. Soon after the dissolution of the abbey, the manor of Tormohun was purchased by John Ridgeway, Esq., whose grandson was created a Baronet in 1612; in 1616 Lord Ridgeway; and in 1662 Earl of Londonderry. Lucy, one of the co-heiresses of Ridgeway, brought it by marriage to Arthur, Marquis of Donegal. Many of the old leases in the possession of the inhabitants of Torquay bear the signature of the Earl of Donegal, by whom, about the year 1768, the manor was sold to Sir Robert Palk, Bart., grandfather of Sir L. V. Palk, Bart., who continues the proprietor of one moiety." The other moiety is held by R. S. Cary, Esq., of Tor Abbey.

"This parish was once celebrated for its tin-works. Robert Earl of Londonderry, says Mr. Oliver, presented a petition to the worshipful John Manly, Esq. steward of the stannary courts of Devon, stating that on the 10th of April, 1695, he was seized of three several *tin-works*, situated in the parishes of Tor Mohun and St. Mary

Church; that *great quantities* of tin ore were digged up and thrown on the grass of the said several and respective tin-works; that he had erected a *stamping mill*, and had expended upwards of 500*l.* in his enterprise, but complained that *Edward Cary of Tor Abbey, Esq. and others*, had diverted the water-course from the said *stamping mill*."

Leaving now the church-yard, and turning down hill, past the principal entrance into Tor Abbey grounds, we arrive at a road which crosses our path at right angles. This we follow to the right, passing on the left hand Pilmuir, the residence of Lord Sinclair, and emerging at length on the Newton Road, close by the Terminus of the South Devon Railway. A few yards further on, and on the opposite side of the road, we find a footpath leading into the wood, and winding up the side of a steep hill, the summit of which is formed by a huge crag of limestone rock, crowned by a building named St. Michael's Chapel. This is a very simple structure, consisting of a single

room. It is $29\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, by 14 feet 3 inches in breadth, and faces east and west. It stands within a few feet from the perpendicular precipice at the western end. It is built of solid masonry, with an arched roof constructed of horizontal slabs. On the west side there are two small windows, and in the cell of the lowest are the remains of a perpendicular and two horizontal irons. There is a large window on the east side, and some vestiges of a porch on the south. No traces of a floor have ever been discovered. There are four arches in the building, of different forms,—an elliptical, a segmental, an obtuse gothic, and an equilateral gothic. The cross at the eastern end was erected by the Marchioness of Bute, a few years since.

Of its origin and nature we know simply nothing. Some have imagined that it was a chapel dedicated to St. Michael, and connected with Tor Abbey. Others conceived it to have been a votive building raised by some who had escaped from shipwreck. It has been thought to

be a place for repentance, "where pilgrims were wont to repair, and by an expiatory penance atone for a life of pleasure." And again it has been supposed that it was an abode destined for the punishment of offenders, with no reference to devotional purposes. But the whole is pure conjecture, and must ever remain such, for neither the building itself, nor any ancient records throw one ray of light upon the subject. One thing however is certain, that it commands a splendid view, one that will more than repay the labour of climbing for it.

Retracing our steps to Tor, and turning to the left at the turnpike at the commencement of the Teignmouth Road, we follow a narrow road which leads us to the village of Upton. This is situated in a secluded and very picturesque valley, and is one of the warmest and most sheltered spots in the neighbourhood of Torquay. But the accommodation is limited, and comparatively few select it as their residence.

WALK V.

KENT'S CAVERN, ILSAM, HOPE'S NOSE, ANSTIS COVE,
AND BABBICOMBE.

PROCEEDING up the Torwood Road, and past the gate through which we emerged from the *new cut* in our second walk, we reach the commencement of a road on the right hand, which skirts a plantation. Following this we perceive at the bottom of the first hill a few rude stone steps in the right hand wall. Crossing by these we enter a path which winds through the wood, considerably entangled by untrimmed growth of brushwood, and conducts us to the celebrated ossiferous cavern called Kent's Hole. The entrance is now closed by a door, and visitors who wish to explore the interior must procure the key from Mr. Ardley, the curator of the museum in Park Lane. So many of the organic remains have been already removed, that further excavations are not allowed without express permission

from the proprietor, who will only grant it when the object is a really scientific one. In the section devoted to the geology of the district we shall enter on a discussion of the discoveries which have been made in the cavern, and their meaning, and therefore confine ourselves here to a simple description of the cave itself. Its extent throughout its windings is estimated at about three quarters of a mile. It is nowhere very spacious, nor are there those brilliant stalactites, and glittering pillars and walls which render some of earth's inner homes so wonderful. Still the effect when illuminated, especially by blue lights, is very striking, and altogether, independently of its scientific interest, it is well worth exploring. A guide however, is quite necessary, for the unacquainted visitor might easily lose himself in its dark recesses, and meet the fate which was probably that of the woman whose skeleton was found there. Not many years ago, indeed, an incident occurred which proved that such a danger is not merely an imaginary one. During the late

war, two midshipmen belonging to the fleet then lying in Torbay, visited the cavern without a guide. Their lights were extinguished, and in the impenetrable darkness which surrounded them, all efforts to escape proved fruitless. And here they must have perished, had not their absence from their vessels caused a search to be made, when they were discovered next day, by the servant of Ilsam farm, hopeless of escape. Sailor-like, under the first impulse of gratitude, one of them determined to marry the daughter of his deliverer, who was then quite a child, and maintained a correspondence with her family for ten years. But, alas! for the end of this romance,—after that time no more was heard of him. Perhaps he died, which would have been quite *selon le règle*,—perhaps he married some one else, and merged the poetry in prose. Who can tell?

Returning to the lane from which we had diverged, we follow it to Ilsam, a prettily situated farm, in the occupation of Mr. Bartlett. The doorway and wall in front of the house are very

ancient, and there is an old building in the yard, which was formerly a cell belonging to Tor Abbey. The place where the bell was suspended is still visible on the roof.

Beyond Ilsam we reach Hope Farm, also a very old building; and from this a narrow pathway leads over the hills to the promontory of Hope's Nose, from which a long reach of channel, and a considerable extent of coast can be seen. The chief object of interest, however, is the raised beach, the continuation of which can be clearly traced on the Thatcher Rock.

Returning from Hope's Nose, and either following a narrow path winding along the edge of the cliffs—which is the most picturesque, or retracing our steps towards Ilsam, and along the lane—which is the easiest way, we arrive at Anstis Cove; unquestionably one of the most beautiful localities in the neighbourhood. The Cove, which is a deep recess, carved as it were out of the limestone rocks, is divided into two unequal parts by an out-jutting crag, through a narrow cleft of

which a flight of rude steps, and a somewhat narrow and precipitous path, afford the means of inter-communication. These two divisions are of a singularly diverse aspect. The southern and smaller is clothed with verdure almost to the water's edge, the green surface being here and there interrupted by protruding masses of the red rock, or low fissured crags which dip into the water beneath, and tinge it with their own warm colours. The other is almost all rock, beautiful in its many varied tints and multitudinous lines. The northern horn of the Cove is a sheer precipice of considerable altitude, and much marked by the chisel and the blasting powder; for the limestone, of which it is composed, is extensively quarried. Altogether it is a scene of the deepest repose,—but of repose after a storm, for the rents and fissures which mark the inner circumference of the cavity, and the huge masses of rock which have toppled down from above, speak plainly of the convulsions of which it has been the theatre. To our mind it is most beautiful in calm weather,

when the colours of the cliffs above are flung on the gently heaving sea below, and the glittering white of the pebbly beach shows softly through the clear water. And it should be looked on either in solitude, or with one or two congenial spirits only, if we would enter into its full meaning, and learn the lesson which, like all other portions of God's creation, it will teach to the attentive. Rest after action!—is not that the truest rest? Peace after tumult!—is not that the peace most suited to our experience? For the unquietness of mortal life can scarcely fashion the thought of a calm that has never been disturbed; of repose that has never been broken. They dwell in Deity, but in Deity alone. All created essences have known unrest.

But we are not here to moralise. The inexorable fates cry—on! and we obey.

Overlooking the smaller division of the Cove is Bishopstowe, the Italian villa residence of the Bishop of Exeter; a handsome edifice, beautifully situated. Passing by the garden wall, we now

leave the road and ascend to the open down which lies between Anstis Cove and Babbicombe.

- There are remains of a Roman encampment here, but we care far more for the view ; which is in every way most interesting. The quiet Cove which we have just left at our feet,—a dizzy depth, which many cannot gaze down steadily,—the broad blue channel stretching far away to the horizon ; the hills, and towns, and woodlands, and valleys of the opposite coast ; the undulating and well-cultivated ground to the interior, and, as we walk to the northern extremity of the plain, the Swiss village of Babbicombe nestling beneath the cliffs, with its picturesque thatched cottages and hanging woods clinging to what seems almost a perpendicular hill-side.

It is indeed a lovely place, this Babbicombe ; almost unique in its peculiar characteristics. On looking at it from above, one is inclined to wonder how the houses got there, or how, having once fixed themselves, they have managed to retain their hold, and avoided slipping to the bottom.

But when we begin to descend, and enter some of the gardens, we find that art and ingenuity have contrived to make much of very little space, and that the cottages are thus surrounded with pleasure grounds of considerable extent, and unrivalled romantic beauty. Those which belong to Mrs. Whitehead are by far the finest; nor do we know a more interesting walk than the path through them, which leads from the bare down above, by successive terraces cut out of the face of the rock, to the luxuriant wood which overhangs the beach below, and in which each step presents a new scene and a new beauty.

Just beyond the other extremity of the downs is the commencement of the village of St. Mary Church. But this we leave for a future excursion.

WALK VI.

LIVERMEAD AND COOKINGTON.

LEAVING Torquay by the New Road, and passing beyond the point where, in our former walk, we entered the grounds of Tor Abbey, we arrive at the Corbons, a promontory which terminates the Tor Abbey sands on the west. A fine natural arch projected formerly into the sea from these cliffs, but it fell in 1822, undermined by the encroachment of the sea, which is continually making havoc along this line of coast. The Corbons are perforated by caverns, some of them of considerable extent. We follow the road which passes over the shoulder of this promontory, and descend upon Livermead.

Here we have to notice Livermead Head, or Thunder-Hole Point, as it is called, from the roar of the waves in its caverns. These well deserve inspection. There are two excellent lodging-houses here—Livermead House, and Cottage.

They are both pleasantly situated, and form admirable summer residences. A lane which runs by the garden wall of the former leads us to the village of Cockington. This lane is one of those cool, shady roads which are so common in the south of Devon, and form so attractive a portion of its scenery. Shut in on both sides by high luxuriant hedges and rows of tall elm-trees, which often meet above and overarch the path—the sides of the road crowded with ferns and wild flowers innumerable, while the gates which open upon them at intervals afford peeps, more or less extensive, of the surrounding scenery, all equally verdurous and fertile—they give such a view of nature in her rustic dress and unchecked productiveness as the dwellers in cities can scarcely comprehend.

The village itself is highly picturesque, with its scattered rose-covered cottages; and the grounds of Cockington Court, the residence of C. Mallock, Esq., are adorned with noble trees. But the chief object of interest is the church, a venerable edifice situated on a gentle acclivity on the lawn, and

almost concealed by the luxuriant foliage. It has a tower with pinnacles, and the exterior is richly overspread with ivy. The doorway is in the tower, and is arched with red conglomerate. The interior is small and simple. It is remarkable that the capitals of the pillars of the two aisles do not correspond; those on the one side being carved, and the opposite ones plain. The font is of richly carved wood, and octagonal shape: it displays the armorial bearings of the Carys, the Carews, the Dinham, and the Paulets. The pulpit formerly belonged to Tor Church; it also is richly carved and gilded, but has lost some of its ornaments. The screen is very imperfect. At each side of the entrance are emblematical representations of St. Matthew and St. Luke, whose names are inscribed underneath. There are monumental inscriptions to the memory of Barber of Cockington, with the date of 1702; Eastley of Stantor, 1603; Taylor of Cockington, 1709, and many members of the Cary family. These last are, however, now concealed by pews.

It is evident that the tower has been intended to form a place of security in times of danger, for there is a fire-place in the upper story, and there are bolts on the inside of the door.

The church of Cockington is united with Tor Moham; and C. Mallock, Esq., of Cockington Court, is the patron of the living.

We extract the following historical account of Cockington from our old friend the "Panorama," which is peculiarly rich in antiquarian treasures:—

"This manor belonged, at the time of Domesday survey, to William de Falesia, whose property, Mr. Lysons says, was subsequently vested in Robert, son of Martin Tours, lord of Camois, in Wales. Roger, his younger son, took the name of De Cockington. Sir James Cockington was the last heir male of the family. At his death the manor passed by marriage to Sir Walter de Woodland, usher of the chamber to the Black Prince. It was held by Sir John Cary in the 14th century, perhaps by purchase. This ancient family previously resided at Stantor, in the

adjoining parish; and the Cockington branch is celebrated for the number of eminent men whom it produced. The property seems to have been twice confiscated during their connexion with it. Sir John Cary, of Cockington, was Chief Baron of the Exchequer in the time of Richard II., and was probably the son of Sir John, who twice represented this county in Parliament, along with Sir William Cary, his brother. The Chief Baron was one of the judges who declared in the King's favour at the celebrated council of Nottingham; and although he was more fortunate than Sir Robert Tresilian, Sir Simon Burley, and others, the interest of Gloucester's party prevailed so far as to sentence him to death, and his estates to confiscation; but the former sentence was remitted to banishment to Ireland, with an annual allowance of 20*l*. The estates were restored to his son by Henry V., in consequence of a victory he obtained in Smithfield, over a knight-errant of Arragon, distinguished throughout Europe for his feats of arms; and as a further mark of approbation, he

and his posterity were permitted to bear for ever the arms of the conquered knight,—‘Argent, in a bend sable, three roses of the first.’ His descendant, Sir William Cary,* was beheaded for taking part with Henry VI. at the battle of Tewkesbury. After his attainder, Mr. Lysons says, the manor of Cockington was granted to Sir William Bouchier, but was afterwards restored to the family. Sir George Cary, the Lord Deputy of Ireland, died at Cockington in 1615, and left the estate to his adopted nephew, whose son, Sir Henry Cary, from his circumstances in the civil wars, was compelled to alienate this their ancient possession. It was then sold (in 1654) to Roger Mallock, Esq., ancestor of the Rev. Roger Mallock, of Cockington Court, who is also the proprietor of the manor of Chelston, which has passed by the same title. The lords of the manor of Cockington had formerly

* This gentleman was the immediate ancestor of the Viscounts Falkland. John Cary was raised to the peerage by that title in 1620, and the arms above mentioned are still borne by the two families.

the power of inflicting capital punishment. Cockington had in former times, according to Lysons, a market on Mondays, and a fair for three days at the festival of the Holy Trinity; granted to Walter de Woodland A.D. 1297. The rectory of Tor Moham, with the chapel of Cockington, was leased for life to George Cary, Secretary of War, by Queen Elizabeth, in 1601; and granted, A.D. 1607, in fee to Sir Oliver Cromwell. In 1609 Sir George Cary, the Lord Deputy, founded seven alms-houses at Cockington, for the poor of the parish. 'Knowing,' says Prince, 'how pleasing a sacrifice to God charity and good deeds are, he purposed to do something for the poor; and accordingly he set about the building of seven alms-houses for their use and comfort; *i. e.* so many several apartments all under one roof, for seven poor people of that parish,—every one having a ground room and a chamber over, with a little distinct herb garden enclosed with a stone wall." The charity has also been increased by the purchase of 230*l.* Stock, with arrears, which

gives a small additional allowance. In 1810 an agreement was made between Mr. Mallock and the trustees, by virtue of which he has rebuilt the houses in a more eligible situation and on an improved plan, adhering of course to the tenor of Sir George Cary's deed. The sum of 150*l.* was allowed to Mr. Mallock as the estimated expense of the repairs of the old buildings, but he expended more than double that amount in the erection of the new buildings.

We may return to Torquay by another lane, which we reach over a small bridge, and which leads us over the high ground behind Chelston, and affords some very fine views of the bay.

CHAPTER IV.

EXCURSIONS.

SOME of the following excursions are quite within the compass of a walk for active and healthy persons; but to those who are at all weakly, they would be perfectly impracticable on foot, and we therefore include them under this head.

EXCURSION I.

STONY VALLEY, ST. MARY CHURCH, WATCOMBE, BARTON,
AND KINGSKERSWELL.

WE have already reached almost to the outskirts of St. Mary Church in our walk to Babbicombe, and therefore, for the sake of variety, we choose now a different route. Driving through Tor, we enter upon the Teignmouth road, which after ascending a hill about a quarter of a mile

long, dips down into a narrow and very picturesque valley, denominated the Stony Valley, from the number of grey protuberant rocks which mark the enclosing hills. Just at the commencement of the ravine there is, on the right side of the road, at the summit of a prominent acclivity, a very perfect limestone arch, resembling, but on a much smaller scale, those which are found at various places along the sea-coast. A little further on we gain a good view of part of the valley of Upton, with its thatched and whitewashed cottages, its trees and orchards. Still further, the road winds through rocky and fir-covered hills, reminding one of many parts of Scotland; and at a distance of about three miles altogether from Torquay, we reach the village of St. Mary Church. In order to visit the points of interest here, we must leave the road we have hitherto been pursuing, and ascend the hill to the right. The village is a very thriving one, and is rapidly extending, but has no pretensions to beauty. At about the centre of the long street which composes it, a lane to the left leads us down

to the marble quarries of Petit Tor. These are well worth inspection: they afford the finest known varieties of Devonshire limestone, beautiful specimens of which, fashioned into tables and ornaments of various kinds, may be always seen at the proprietor's (Mr. Woodley) extensive works, which are situated at the other end of the village. From the downs at the top of the quarry we also obtain an admirable view of Babbicombe, and the line of cliffs which forms this portion of the coast.

The church, a well-known landmark, its tower being visible far out to sea, has few, if any, features of architectural beauty. The only object particularly worthy of notice is the Saxon font. The following is the description given of it (in 1832) by Mr. Brown, in a letter to the editor of the "Panorama." It "contains the following figures sculptured within a guilloche; being prior to the Conquest they are of very rude workmanship:—

"I. A man on horseback, blowing a bugle, which he holds in his left hand; in his right an ancient knife.

“ II. A dog with his head turned back, regarding a flower.

“ III. A cock pecking at a bunch of grapes.

“ IV. A wild boar baited by a dog.

“ V. A man, with a bugle in his right hand, a spear in his left, and a tortoise by his side.

“ VI. A nondescript bird, resembling a vulture, with a human head in its beak.

“ VII. A nondescript figure, approaching to the monkey tribe, sitting in a chair, and playing on a harp.

“The circumstance relating to this font is as follows. It appears that previous to the year 1824 the end of the font, now resting on the floor, was uppermost, and the present upper end, which contains the sculpture, was buried below the pavement. The repairs of the floor of the church, in the year above mentioned, led to the discovery of the present figures, and it was, therefore, in consequence, restored to its primitive position. Now, as it was the practice with our Catholic forefathers, whenever they rebuilt a church which had

been erected either by the Saxons or Normans, to preserve their fonts, and even to retain them in the same original place, there can be no doubt that when this church was so rebuilt, the Saxon font to them appearing of rude workmanship, and (as they supposed) to ill-accord with their newly invented Gothic architecture, it was by them inverted. Many of the fonts in our churches, therefore, belong to the primitive church, and not to the present structures, which may be even the third on the same foundations. It was a custom with the early Saxons, first to set up their fonts in different parts of the country, and to enclose them in a wooden house, merely for baptismal purposes, where afterwards they built a church of wood, and in a few instances of stone; whereas the Norman churches were always constructed with stone."

In reading the above account, one cannot but wonder what our ingenious typologists would make of the apparently very undevotional and certainly very unintelligible figures which are

sculptured on this old font. But doubtless their skill would work out some deep mystery, perfectly satisfactory to themselves, even if it did not contain the, perhaps, unimportant element of truth. A large and handsome chancel is now being added to the church.

A somewhat interesting anecdote is related of a Mr. Robert Balle, who was vicar of St. Mary Church during half a century, and died in 1674. It is said that being vicar in the reign of Charles I., and, we presume, taking part, as most of his brethren did, with the King, he was sequestered under Cromwell, and worked for his livelihood in the neighbouring stone quarries. On one occasion he was pursued by the Parliamentarians, and overtaken at Scott's Bridge, near Kingskerswell; but being disguised as a common labourer, his enemies passed by him, and he escaped. He was reinstated under Charles II.

The manor of St. Mary Church once belonged to a family of the same name. Robert de St. Mary Church was the last of the family in the

reign of Henry II., and his heiress brought it to the Rotomays. It subsequently passed through the hands of the Lords Audley ; from them it was transferred to the Bouchiers, Earls of Bath, from whom it passed to the Fords of Bagtor. It is now the property of Mr. Cary, of Tor Abbey.

At the Babbicombe end of the village, a Free Episcopal Church has just been erected. It is named the Furrough Cross Church, is built in the ornamental Gothic style, and is calculated to hold 500 persons.

Returning through the village to the point from which we had diverged, we follow the Teignmouth road for about half a mile further, and then enter a lane on the right, which leads us to Watcombe. This is one of the most wildly romantic spots in the neighbourhood ; but its solitude has been invaded, and, therefore, some of its most valued charms destroyed, by the building mania, which can leave no place untouched. Still, however, it is very beautiful, with its bright-green, close-cropped sward, swelling in numberless undulations,

and its many grey and dark-red rocks upheaved from below, or hemming in the sides of the valley, or forming steep mural precipices which frown over the beach and its restless waves far down. One of these rocks, at the commencement of the valley, is a very remarkable specimen of coarse red conglomerate, pierced with numberless irregular cavities, from which boulders have been detached. The last visit we paid to Watcombe was on a bright summer afternoon. The wind was in the east, and a heavy swell rolled in upon the beach, covering the outlying masses of rock with white spray. The shadows of the cliffs were marked with peculiar distinctness upon the water; and as each wave curled on and caught the clear sunlight, it threw into the trough of sea before it a long line of glittering radiance, reflected from its own foamy crest, which was inexpressibly beautiful—a smile flashing over the stern features of war, a ray from the calm heavens above gilding the storm-tossed elements of our vexed earth.

We must now again retrace our steps, and

return in the direction of Torquay until we arrive at the Palk Arms, a brewery celebrated for the excellence of its ales. At this point a lane to the left leads us to the small and not peculiarly attractive village of Barton. There are here, however, some fine rocks, and various pretty peeps of scenery. Following the road up a long and steep hill, we arrive at length at Barton Cross, an open space which crowns the summit. The prospect here is magnificent, and it is for the sake of beholding it that we have toiled up so high. To the south and east we look over St. Mary Church, Torquay, Berry Head, and all the neighbouring coast, far away into the Channel. Inland the horizon is formed by the dusky outlines of the Dartmoor, the double peak of Haytor being conspicuous ; and between these boundaries, spread out as in a map before us, is a vast extent of country, beautifully diversified with uplands and lowlands, with woods and fields, with villages and churches, and everywhere luxuriantly rich in cultivation. The best time to see it is when the

sun is declining, for then the play of light and shade is most distinct, and the contrast of colouring most varied.

Having gazed our fill, we descend the hill, on the opposite side from that by which we came up, and reach at the bottom the village of Kingskerswell, so named because it was vested in the crown at the time of Domesday survey. There is not much to see here: the village is tolerably large, and more than tolerably ugly. But the church is prettily situated, in a valley through which the railway runs, and deserves a passing glance.

From Kingskerswell we may return to Torquay by the Newton road, or, which is certainly preferable if time do not press, and the eye has not grown weary of green hedges and frequent trees, past the church through Edginswell and along the Shiphay lanes. We need not describe these; they have the same characteristic features as the others which we have traversed. But with most people repetition in this instance does not cause satiety, and the more we are in these shady

retreats, the more we learn to love them. There are few works of MAN, of which the same can be said; familiarity with them too often breeds, if not disgust, yet certainly carelessness. And the reason is obvious. We can fathom what our fellow man has done, and get at the bottom of it. We can turn it round and round till we know every part, and have no further lesson to learn from it; then the zest is gone, and we look for new instruction elsewhere. But Nature is inexhaustible and unfathomable. Give her full play, and she will work you out such beauties as you will never reckon up. She will repeat herself again and again, and each time so modify her doings, that though the object is the same, the result is endless in its variety. There never were two hedge-rows perfectly alike, though the soil and the grass and the ferns and the flowers be the same in both: so that if you learn one by heart, the next turn you take presents you with a new task. And life may pass away and leave a large portion of the teaching yet untaught; and

therefore we do not weary here, for there is always new food for our minds, new combination of forms for our eyes.

EXCURSION II.

PAIGNTON AND GOODRINGTON.

THE village of Paignton is about four miles distant from Torquay. We approach it by the New Road and Livermead, with which we are already familiar. The land on which it is built for the most part lies low, but is rich and well-cultivated. The gardens are famous for an early cabbage of large size. The sands form the chief attraction to visitors. They extend for a considerable distance along the shore, and are firm and well suited either for walking or riding exercise. They terminate to the south at a small harbour and quay : near which is Torbay House.

The church is a conspicuous object, with a fine gothic tower, engrafted on a Norman foundation,

as is shown by the Norman doorway to the belfry. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and measures 139 feet by 43. The architecture of the interior is plain, but the windows are diversified in their tracery, and some of them of very elegant design. The oak screen has been destroyed; but in the Kirkham Chantry there is an elaborately carved screen of freestone, which is still beautiful, though greatly mutilated by the soldiers of the Parliament during the Civil Wars. "Under each of the two splendid arches are the mutilated effigies of a knight and his lady; the base and the piers are superbly ornamented with small statues of saints all within canopied niches, which are curiously hollowed out from the surface of the stone. Those of the base are surmounted by mural battlements; and those above the arches, by figures of angels holding shields of the form used in the time of Edward IV. One of the figures over the entrance is that of a warrior with his left hand resting on his sword." Within the Chantry is the tomb of the Kirkhams, with their

armorial shield, bearing the cross and crown, and the words "*Spes et Corona*" underneath. The figures of the knight and lady are in a praying attitude.

The pulpit is splendidly carved, and painted with rich but quiet and harmonious colours. It has five niches which were filled up with mortar, until it was removed by the Rev. F. Belfield, of Primhay, who restored them to their original condition.

In a window of the north aisle are the arms of Bishop Lacy, who granted forty days indulgence to all penitents who contributed to the support of the church. In the wall of the same aisle there is a skeleton carved in stone, but mutilated and concealed by a pew. There is also an escutcheon bearing the following inscription—"Heire lyeth the heart and bowels of the Right Honourable, most worthy, and highly esteemed John Snellin, Rear Admiral of Holland and West Friesland, who dyed the xxiii of August MDCXCI."

In the church-yard is the upright of the ancient cross, at the foot of which it was the custom, in

former times, to lay the corpse, while the priest performed from its pediment part of the service for the dead.

Close by the church are the ivy-covered remains of what was once a splendid palace belonging to the see of Exeter. It stood in the centre of an extensive deer-park, which their lordships preserved for their own exclusive use with considerable jealousy. In 1265, Sir Henry Pomeroy was obliged to make amendment and compensation to the Bishop (Bronescombe), for having scaled the fences of this park, and hunted the prelate's deer, with a large party from his castle, at Berry. Sir Henry was clearly in the wrong; but game-preserving bishops, we rejoice to think, are in our days unknown. They should be chief *shepherds*, not *deer-keepers*.

“The manor of Paignton in very early times belonged to the See of Exeter, from which, by royal requisition, Bishop Veysey conveyed it to the Earl of Pembroke; he sold it in 1644 to Sir Henry Cary, from whom, by an intermediate party,

it passed to Samuel Kelland, Esq. At the death of C. Kelland Courtenay, Esq., his coheiresses brought it to the Earl of Cork and Mr. Poyntz, from whose representative it passed by purchase to the Templer family. Blagdon Barton, and Collaton Kirkham (otherwise 'Colaton Clavil') belonged to the family of Dennis, and passed to the Kirkhams by the marriage of Sir Nicholas with Agatha the sister of Sir Robert Dennis or le Deneis, in the reign of King Edward I. The heiress of Kirkham brought this property to Sir George Blount, Bart., of whose representatives it was bought by M. Parker, Esq. Preston is vested in the precentor of Exeter Cathedral, to whom the great tithes of the parish belong, by the appropriation of Bishop Quivil, in the reign of Edward I. The lords of the manor could formerly inflict capital punishment."—*Panorama*.

A short distance beyond Paignton we reach the small hamlet of Goodrington. There was a hospital here in the late war, which is now converted into a dwelling-house. The sands are

worthy of attention from the conchologist. They are terminated by Roundham Head, a promontory memorable as the scene of the wreck of H. M. S. Venerable, a 74-gun ship, which missed stays in tacking out of the bay, with the rest of the squadron of Earl St. Vincent, and went to pieces on the rocks.

Beyond Goodrington are the Broad Sands, and a little further on, Elbery Cove, where a spring of fresh water rises up from the bottom of the sea.

EXCURSION III.

COMPTON CASTLE, AND MARLDON.

PROCEEDING to Cockington by the route formerly described, and passing through the village, we arrive at a place called "Five Lanes," a disused turnpike near the village of Marldon. One of these lanes leads us direct to Compton Castle. This is a very ancient structure, and an admirable specimen of a fortified mansion. The

term *castle* appears to be a misnomer. There is a gateway of great antiquity facing the north, and this side of the building has also an embattled tower. In the floor of the room over the gateway there is an oblong recess, which seems to have been made for the purpose of concealing money, jewels, or plate in troublesome times. Adjoining the gateway are the broken windows of the chapel. Part of the building is now occupied as a farmhouse.

But little is known of its history. "At the time of Domesday survey it was held by Stephen under Juhel de Totnais; its ancient name was *Contune*. Osolf possessed it in the reign of Edward the Confessor; and in the time of Henry II., it was in the hands of Maurice de Pola. It was long the property and residence of this respectable family—the ancestor of the celebrated antiquary, Sir William Pole. It was not unusual at that period for families of opulence and distinction to confer their names on the places with which they were connected; hence Compton was

designated Compton Pole for a considerable time. Lady Alice de Pola gave the manor to the Comptons, in whose possession it remained for seven descents. A co-heiress of the Comptons, by marriage with the Gilberts, brought it, in the reign of Edward II., into the family of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the navigator and mathematician, to whom we are indebted for the establishment of a British colony at Newfoundland."—*Panorama*.

It continued for a long period in the possession of this family, but eventually was sold by them, and is now the property of Francis Garratt, Esq. of Ellacombe, Torquay.

Stantor, the ancient seat of the Carys, which is also in this parish, is now likewise a farm-house.

At Marldon, a straggling village in the vicinity, the only object of interest is the church, which is said to have been erected by the Gilberts of Compton. Mr. Oliver dates it from the fifteenth century. It is a handsome building, with a tower about ninety feet high. The nave is connected with the south aisle by seven arches, and with the

north by five. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist, and is an appendant to Paignton.

We may vary our route homeward, by traversing a series of lanes, which lead to Shiphay, and open at last on the Newton road. Some of these lanes are ornamented with very fine trees, among which are some magnificent Scotch pines; and the occasional peeps through the foliage, illustrating what Dr. Chambers would have called "an ulterior through an opening," are exceedingly beautiful.

Many of the lanes near Marldon admirably illustrate the late Rev. J. Marriott's well-known lines:—

"In a Devonshire lane, as I trotted along
T'other day, much in want of a subject for song,
Thinks I to myself, I have hit on a strain;
Sure Marriage is much like a Devonshire lane.

"In the first place 'tis long; and when once you are in it,
It holds you as fast as a cage does a linnet;
For howe'er rough and dirty the road may be found,
Drive forward you must, there is no turning round.

"But though 'tis so long, it is not very wide,
For two are the most that together can ride;
And e'en then 'tis a chance but they get in a pother,
And jostle, and cross, and run foul of each other.

" Oft poverty greets them with mendicant looks,
And care pushes by them, o'erladen with crooks;
And strife's grazing wheels try between them to pass,
And stubbornness blocks up the way on her ass.

" Then the banks are so high to the left hand and right,
That they shut up the beauties around them from sight;
And hence, you'll allow, 'tis an inference plain,
That Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane.

" But thinks I, too, these banks within which we are pent,
With bud, blossom, and berry are richly besprent;
And the conjugal fence which forbids us to roam,
Looks lovely when deck'd with the comforts of home.

" In the rock's gloomy crevice the bright holly grows,
The ivy waves fresh o'er the withering rose,
And the evergreen love of a virtuous wife,
Soothes the roughness of care,—cheers the winter of life.

" Then long be the journey, and narrow the way,
I'll rejoice that I've seldom a turnpike to pay;
And whate'er others say, be the last to complain,
Though Marriage is just like a Devonshire lane."

EXCURSION IV.

SHALDON, COMBE-IN-TEIGNHEAD, AND HACCOMBE.

PURSuing the same route as in our visit to Watcombe, but keeping up the hill, instead of turning down the lane which leads to that place, and observing as we pass along the extensive and varied views which are presented to us, we arrive at a turnpike which bears the singular appellation of Solomon's Post. By a lane near this we may diverge to the small hamlet of Maidencombe (pronounced Minnicombe) in the parish of Stoke-in-Teignhead. It is a romantic and picturesque valley, terminated on the south by a rocky undercliff. Regaining the high road, and ascending and descending frequently, and enjoying, if we are in the mood for enjoyment, the broad sea view on the one side, and the undulating and richly cultivated country, stretching up to the Dartmoor, on the other; we arrive at length at the top of a long hill, at the bottom of which lies the village

of Shaldon. The view from the summit here is very fine. Teignmouth with its estuary is immediately before us: we can see the white houses of Exmouth beyond the intervening promontory of rock, into which, if the time suit, we may observe the railway train diving; still further on we can trace the long line of coast towards Portland; behind us are the cliffs of Babbicombe, and Anstis Cove, and Hope's Nose, with the opening of Torbay; while at the back of Teignmouth, and away to the left, a series of wooded and cultivated hills, sprinkled here and there with houses, and washed at their base by the broad and quiet river, lead the eye on to its familiar resting-place, the distance-blue hills of Dartmoor. The bridge also, across the Teign, is a prominent object, but we omit all further notice of it now, because we shall cross and describe it afterwards. We drive down the hill, therefore, and still keeping the same side of the river, pass through Shaldon, and a little further on, the small hamlet of Ringmoor. There is some good river

scenery here, especially at one spot, where a few cottages planted on a narrow neck of land, which runs out into the water from a richly wooded bank, break very prettily upon the general curve, and form a strong point for a picture. We should notice, by the way, that it is desirable so to time this drive that we shall be at the river when the tide is full. At ebb-tide the banks are uncovered to a great extent, and flat masses of wet mud are neither picturesque nor pleasant.

A short distance further on, the road bends inland, and conducts us to the small sequestered village of Combe-in-Teignhead. The church and parsonage-house are the most remarkable objects here, and the eye cannot fail to be attracted to them, for they are red,—very red indeed in their outward aspect. Now red is a good warm colour, and no artist will deny its value in a picture; but for a church, we confess to a certain weakness in favour of the weather-beaten grey of Nature's painting; and for our own habitation too, we would rather not be quite so hot outside. But

this is a mere matter of taste. We know of one gentleman the stuccoed walls of whose house present a strange mixture of red and yellow ; and when asked by a friend, who in his simplicity thought this eccentric daubing was preparatory to a final coat of paint, what colour he intended it to be, he quietly answered that it would remain as it was ; adding that he liked it, for it gave a warm sunny look to the landscape. Perhaps it does ; or he fancies so, which is much the same thing.

The church is dedicated to St. Nicholas, and the windows bear evidence of antiquity.

After leaving Combe we ascend a long hill. This leads us to Hilber-down, which commands a magnificent prospect over a vast extent of beautifully varied country lying between us and Dartmoor, and softened by that misty haze which lends so inexpressible a charm to English landscapes, and which none have reproduced so well, on paper or on canvas, as our great master, Turner. We believe the real secret of the charm, which all must have felt, even if they have not reflected on

it, lies in the air of mystery with which it envelopes the scene. We see enough to know what the objects before us are, but we do not take in all the details ; these are left for imagination to fill up, and in the exercise of imagination there always is high pleasure. That valley before us now, with the blue thin smoke out of which the roofs of Newton are flashing brightly, as they glance back the rays of the sun,—I can people it as I please. I know there is a town there, and reason and experience tell me that there must also be dirt, and squalor, and ugliness of many kinds, and offences of manifold degrees. But, from the height on which I stand, I am cognisant of none of these. I view everything through the veil of life-giving air which nature has spread over it, and it is all beautiful and all peaceful. There is enough of man's doing to show that he has there constructed his home ; there is not enough to show that he has done evil, or marred the loveliness of creation by bad taste or false feeling. And so with other things, with the bosky hollows of the valleys,

and the many-coloured surface of the uplands, the atmospheric tint is over all, brightening and shading,—hiding roughness and exalting beauty, and everywhere calling me to fancy for myself what wealth of perfection may yet lie concealed.

The plantations of Haccombe skirt the edge of this breezy down. It is the seat of Sir Walter Carew, Bart. The mansion is situated in a valley bounded by richly wooded hills, and close to the chapel. The Manor House, which was rebuilt in 1650 by Sir Thomas Carew, has been taken down and again rebuilt since the time of Prince, who says, speaking of the old mansion, “from the house (whose form and figure pleads great antiquity) the present habitation of that eminently pious lady, Gratiana Lady Carew, through a green court, under a canopy of laurel, we walk into the church.” The present house is a large and plain building, with no pretensions to beauty.

Haccombe anciently belonged to a family of that name, whose arms, argent, three bends sable, are to be seen on a monument in the church. Sir

John L'Ercedekne afterwards became its possessor, by marriage with the heiress of the Haccombs. Through the heiress of one of the L'Ercedekne family it came to the Courtenays, and Nicholas, Lord Carew, marrying the eldest daughter of Sir Hugh Courtenay, it passed with her into that family, with whom it continues.

The church, which stands near the house, is exceedingly interesting, both from its antiquity and the monuments which it contains. The door bears a very singular ornament—two horse-shoes which are nailed to it. Their presence in this very unusual situation is thus accounted for. A certain member of the Carew family, a wild blade, we take it, one of those men who will think anything and do anything, swam a horse, as Prince tells us, “a prodigious way into the sea and back again, upon a wager of a manor of land, and won it; for which the horse was deservedly manumitted from all future services ever after, and his shoes fastened to the church door, where some of them yet remain, *in perpetuum rei memoriam.*” Some.

portion of the church was evidently erected in the twelfth or thirteenth century, but it was dedicated again in the fourteenth century by Bishop Grandisson. The screen, altar-piece, and pulpit were presented by the late Sir Henry Carew, Bart.; but the monuments are the principal objects of attraction. In the chancel, clad in a magnificent suit of armour, lies the figure of a crusader. The arms are those of the Haccombe family, to whom there are two other monuments, both under arches. The heiress of the L'Ercedekne family, who transferred the estate to the Courtenays, has a monument here, together with her husband Sir Hugh Courtenay. The two figures and tomb are of freestone, and the knight wears a suit of plate-armour. A lion is at the foot of the knight; a dog at that of the lady: the latter wears a reticulated head-dress. There are other highly ornamented tombs. One under the second window, inscribed with a long cross, Mr. Oliver thinks covers the remains of the Rev. Robert de Pyl, a benefactor mentioned in the foundation deed.

We may return to Torquay by the village of Coffinswell, which formerly belonged to the family of Coffin, and afterwards to the Abbots of Tor.

EXCURSION V.

BRIXHAM AND BERRYHEAD.

THE first part of our route, through Paignton, is already familiar to us. Passing by Goodrington and the broad sands, we ascend to a high down, and soon reach the straggling village of Churston Ferrers, and then pass, on the right, the entrance to Lupton, the seat of Sir J. B. Y. Buller, Bart., M.P. About three miles further on we arrive at Brixham.

This important fishing-station is a long, straggling, and by no means attractive, town, of upwards of a mile and a half in extent. It is divided into two parts—higher and lower Brixham. The former is the most modern, and contains the best houses. The latter, which is clustered around the

harbour, is old, and dirty, and busy, but nevertheless the most interesting. The best time to visit it is on a Saturday, for then as many trawlers as can find accommodation crowd into the harbour, while the rest of the fishing fleet moor off the entrance. The quay now presents a very lively scene. The fish, comprising turbot, soles, whiting, plaice, mullet, john-dory, gurnet, and many others, are piled up in broad heaps, and sold by auction by a saleswoman. (This is the subject of Collins's picture in the possession of the Earl of Essex.) Other women and men are engaged in packing them up in hampers, as fast as they are disposed of; these are then transferred to light and well-horsed vans, and hurried with all speed to the railway, to supply the markets of Exeter, Bristol, Bath, and London. About 200 *trawlers*, as they are called, belong to the town. These vessels are large decked sloops of from 40 to 50 tons burthen, each generally managed by two men and a boy. The trawl net is about 70 feet long, in the shape of a bag. It is provided with a beam, occasionally

40 feet long, to keep the mouth open. In fishing it is drawn or trawled along the bottom of the sea. The average amount received for fish is said to be 600*l.* per week. The cost of carriage alone is stated at 1000*l.* per annum. The other vessels belonging to Brixham are chiefly schooners engaged in the coasting trade, and occasionally in the fruit and wine trade with the Peninsula and Mediterranean. Altogether the shipping comprises about 20,000 tons, and gives employment to 1500 seamen. For this extensive trade the present tidal harbour is quite insufficient, and a breakwater is in process of construction, but its progress is very slow. When completed it will be a most important work, not as regards Brixham only, but for the general anchorage in Torbay.

The pier was built in 1808. On it is a pillar which formerly stood at the centre of the quay, in commemoration of the landing of William, Prince of Orange, and which is said to contain a portion of the very stone on which he first stepped from the boat. It bears the following inscription:—

“On this stone, and near this spot, William, Prince of Orange, first set foot on his landing in England, 5th November, 1688.” There is also a tablet commemorating the visit of the Duke of Clarence to Brixham in 1823. Upon that occasion his Royal Highness was presented with a chip of King William’s stone, enclosed, with an address from the inhabitants, in a box of heart-of-oak 800 years old.

Brixham has two churches. That of Upper Brixham is rather a fine old building with a lofty tower, and some remains of ancient sculpture. On a brass plate there is the following curious epitaph from the pen of the celebrated nonconformist divine, John Flavel, of Dartmouth. It is surmounted by a crown of righteousness:—“To the pious memory of John Upton, Esq., a saint excellent on earth and now glorious in heaven, who was borne on earth April 7, 1590, and was translated to heaven Sep. 11, 1641.

“Thinke not this single grave holds one alone,
Many good men lie buried in this one :

And though his life not long on earth appears,
Hee ye good workes brought forth of many yeares :
Swift to do good, his time he did improve,
Industrious, active, and made all of love.
Others do good by fits and in a mood,
But this man's constant trade was doing good.
Wisdome in him was joyned with devotion,
And both adorned with sweetest conversation.
Hee had no private nor self-seeking hart,
As those that thinke the whole made for a part ;
But by an universall spirite led,
Which breathes into y^e church from Christ her head,
Hee loved ye whole, to it himself hee gave,
And in the good thereof his good would have.
Since then that spirite of Christ in him did live,
That spirite to him a glorious life doth give ;
And as to it in plenty hee did sow,
A plenteous glory now to him shall grow ;
And thou who mournest that hee is not with thee,
Bee like him, and in blisse thou shalt him see."

How, before a simple testimony like this, the emblazoned glories of many a mighty conqueror will pale ! "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Tried by this standard who will rank the highest ? The so-called hero who has waded to a throne through blood and tears, with the groans of the dying or the captive around him,

and the sobs of the bereaved burdening the air he breathes; or the man of whom this record could be written—

“Hee had no *private* nor self-seeking hart,
As those that thinke the whole made for a part?”

If self-conquest be the highest victory, surely self-abnegation is among the highest virtues.

The manor of Brixham was possessed by Ulf in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and by Juhel de Totnais at the time of Domesday survey. It belonged subsequently to the Novants, from whom it passed to the Valletorts, and, through them, to the houses of Pomeroy and Corbet; the Bonvilles afterwards possessed it: from them it descended to Grey, Duke of Suffolk, and by his attainder became vested in the crown. (*Lysons*.) It was afterwards divided into quarters, twelve yeomen of Brixham obtaining one of them. This quarter has been since cut up into many lots, but each proprietor, how small soever his portion may be, still designates himself a “Quay Lord.”

An iron mine was discovered, six or seven years

ago, at Upton, about a mile and a half from Brixham, and is worked with considerable profit. Since then another iron mine has been opened at Furdon Hill, close by the town. The ore is shipped from Brixham to be smelted in Wales.

The spring called "Laywell," on the outskirts of the higher town, was long celebrated for the ebbing and flowing of its water. (See *Philos. Trans.*, vol. vii.) The phenomenon has, however, ceased to exist, either, as is supposed, from the effect produced by the erection of some neighbouring houses, or from the improvements adopted by a surveyor of the highways, who had a part of it filled up.

Having thus made ourselves acquainted with what is noticeable in Brixham, we prolong our drive to Berryhead, about one mile east of the harbour. This noble headland is a square-shaped promontory of hard limestone, of a flesh-coloured tint, and with a surface glossy like satin. It is extensively quarried for its marble. It forms the chief shelter to Torbay from the south-westerly

winds, and the water is so deep under it, that vessels may lie moored alongside, as at a quay. During the last war, two large fortifications were erected on the summit, but merely the ruins of them now remain. With singular short-sightedness, in a place where the best building stone could be procured at the mere expense of quarrying, they were for the most part constructed of wood,—a curious specimen, would that it were also unique, of official wisdom. The fine military hospital, half-way between Berryhead and Brixham, is still preserved, and was, for many years, the residence of the late Rev. H. F. Lyte, the accomplished and lamented incumbent of Lower Brixham.

Near the Hospital there is a cavern in the rock called the Ash-hole. For a long period many doubts were entertained as to its nature; but it was supposed to be a cave of a similar character with Kent's Cavern. The researches of Mr. Lyte have, however, shown that it was a place of sepulture during the time of the Romans. After

digging through a mass of rubbish, and having turned up a vast quantity of bones of sheep, oxen, rabbits, geese, and chickens (the presence of which is accounted for by the fact that during the time when there was a large military encampment on Berryhead, the soldiers were in the habit of making use of the cavern as a dining-room, the season being very wet), the excavators found the remains of a human skeleton, the head being entire, and apparently belonging to a body of large stature. Immediately under this were found considerable quantities of charcoal and ashes, and half-consumed bones; the pottery was Roman, for the most part very coarse, unglazed, and scored on the outside in short parallel lines, about an inch in length; occasionally they were perforated round the brim, but no one urn was found perfect. Several other human skeletons were subsequently discovered, with some sling stones, bits of brass and ivory, and pottery of a rather finer character. The other evidences of the occupation of this part of the country by the Romans are quite conclusive.

Five coins, asses, of the reign of the first Claudius, were dug up in an excellent state of preservation, from a mound of earth on Furxeham Common, at the north side of Lower Brixham. A fine rampart, about eighteen feet high, running across the Head from sea to sea, was destroyed when the fortifications were in process of construction. There are also traces of other lines on the neighbouring hills.

Many parts of the shore between Berryhead and Dartmouth are well worthy inspection, if the visitor have time, and does not care for fatigue. Some idea of the laborious nature of the walk along the cliffs in this direction, may be formed from the fact that, in the space of a mile, the path rises many times to an elevation of 300 or 400 feet, and falls as often to the level of the sea, while it is rendered zigzag, horizontally as well as vertically, by numerous out-jutting promontories. The great charm of the scenery (besides the picturesque variety of much broken ground, which is always beautiful), consists in the many-coloured surface of the rocks. They are composed in part of slate,

in part of limestone, with patches of red sandstone, and range in colour from a delicate blue with silvery lustre, through brown and purple, to crimson. A number of formidable stone hedges, rendered quite impassable by ivy, intersect the country in the immediate neighbourhood of the Head; it is advisable, therefore, to follow a lane which leads towards Upton, and commence the survey of the cliffs near Sharkham Point.

The following gentlemen's seats are in the neighbourhood of Brixham—Lupton House, Sir J. B. Y. Buller, Bart.; Upton Lodge, C. H. Cutler, Esq.; Nethway House, J. F. Luttrell, Esq., of Dunster Castle, Somersetshire; Laywell House, H. B. Pierrepont, Esq.; Churston Court, J. Y. Buller, Esq.; Galmpton, J. F. Luttrell, Esq.; and Greenway, Colonel Carlyon.

EXCURSION VI.

BERRY-POMEROY CASTLE.

PASSING through Paignton, and following the Totnes road, we arrive at the village of Berry-Pomeroy. From this a lane to the right leads us to the ruins of the Castle, the most extensive remnant of the olden time which exists in Devonshire. It stands upon a lofty limestone rock, which rises abruptly from the east and north over a small river, which flows into the Hemms at Little Hempston. The best view of the Castle is obtained from the rustic bridge which crosses the stream at the bottom of the glen. The visitor, therefore, instead of taking the direct road to the Castle, should continue his walk down the hill, pass through the mill yard, and then turn along the stream until he reaches the bridge above-mentioned. From this point the ruins present a very beautiful appearance, embowered as they are in the dark foliage of numberless trees, and

covered everywhere with a most luxuriant growth of ivy.

The ruins themselves consist of two very distinct parts, the oldest having been built at least 500 years before the more modern; but they are all ruins; time and the elements have left no part untouched: and where gay throngs were wont to move, and the sights and sounds of busy life filled every part, there is now no home for man to dwell in; rank grass, and waving trees, and mantling ivy are the sole ornaments; the song of birds, and the hum of insects the only sounds of animal existence. The south front of the oldest or Norman building is entire; it measures about sixty yards in length, and is surmounted with battlements. There is a tower called St. Margaret's at the eastern end of this wall, which is named in many title-deeds of Devon gentry. At the western end is a castellated gateway with towers, and a double portcullis; it bears the arms of Pomeroy, cut in granite: the room above was probably a chapel. From this a dilapidated staircase leads into

the gloomy, damp, and arched vaults which wind beneath the walls of the Castle, and terminate in circular chambers presumed to be the dungeons.

Within this ancient remnant is a large quadrangle, "at the north and east whereof," says Prince, the learned author of the "Worthies of Devon," "the honourable family of Seymour (whose possession now it is), built a magnificent structure, at the charges, as fame relates, of upwards of twenty thousand pounds, but never brought it to perfection, for the west side of the quadrangle was never begun. What was finished may be thus described: Before the door of the great hall was a noble walk, whose length was the breadth of the court, arched over with curiously carved freestone, supported in the forepart by several stately pillars of the same stone, of great dimensions, after the Corinthian order, standing on pedestals having cornices of friezes finely wrought, behind which were placed in the walls several seats of freestone also, cut in the form of an escalop shell, in which the company when

weary might repose themselves. The apartments within were very splendid, especially the dining-room, which was adorned, besides paint, with statues and figures cut in alabaster with elaborate art and labour; but the chimney-piece of polished marble, curiously engraved, was of great cost and value. Many other of the rooms were well adorned with mouldings and fret-work, some of whose marble carvings were so delicately fine, that they would reflect an object true and lively from a great distance. In short, the number of apartments of the whole may be collected hence, if report be true; that it was a good day's work for a servant but to open and shut the casements belonging to them. Notwithstanding which 'tis now demolished, and all this glory lieth in the dust, buried in its own ruins, there being nothing standing but broken walls, which seem to mourn their own approaching funerals."

The Castle was originally built by Sir Ralph de Pomerai, a Norman baron, who came over with William the Conqueror, and stood high in the

favour of that prince, as is evidenced by the fact that he rewarded his zeal by the gift of no less than fifty-eight lordships, among which was the manor of Berry. It had in earlier times been an outpost or station of the Romans, as implied by its name, for the words "borough," "bury," or "berry," attached to the names of any place, always imply that there existed there some exploratory station, or small work of that people. Here Sir Ralph fixed his seat, giving his own name to the property, and erecting his castle in a park of five hundred acres in extent. In the time of Richard I., his descendant, Henry Pomeroy, espoused the bad cause of Prince John, and, by his support and interference, did much to foment the troubles of that reign. When the lion-hearted King returned from the Holy Land, a herald was sent to Berry Castle, under the pretence of bearing tidings from the King. Here he was hospitably entertained for many days, keeping his real mission still a secret; but at last, either wearying of his inactivity, or remembering his duty, he suddenly

arrested his entertainer on the charge of high treason, and cited him to appear before the court to answer to this capital charge. Men's blood ran hot in those days, when might was right, and the ready weapon afforded at once the means of escape from danger, or of vengeance for an injury; and Pomeroy, enraged beyond measure at this "unexpected and ill-carried message," drew his dagger and stabbed the unhappy herald to the heart. This was a high crime, as he well knew, and rendered his cause more than ever desperate. He retired, therefore, to his Castle at Tregony, in Cornwall, and there openly repudiating his rightful allegiance, fortified his stronghold in behalf of Prince John. Here, though he had been so indignant at the deceit practised upon himself, and had taken such summary vengeance upon the helpless instrument, he did not think it wrong, nor beneath his dignity, to act out a stratagem for his own purpose. Disguising himself and retainers in the habiliments of Benedictine monks, he advanced to St. Michael's Mount, and was

admitted by the brethren on the score of friendship. Once in, the mask was thrown aside, and he made himself master of the monastery. Here he was besieged by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Sheriff of Cornwall, and at last committed suicide in despair. A sad end of a sad list of errors.

Carew varies the latter portion of this story. "Well knowing," he says, "in so superlative an offence, all hope of pardon foreclosed, he abandons his home, gets to St. Michael's Mount, bequeathed a large portion of his land to the religious people there for redeeming his sinne, and lastly causeth himself to be let bloud unto death, for leaving the remainder to his heire."

The Castle remained in the possession of the house of Pomeroy for nearly five centuries, *i. e.*, from the Conquest to the reign of Edward VI. It was then either sold to the Protector Somerset or granted to him, or rather his eldest son, by the Crown. Or, according to another legend, the baronial castles, after the rebellion in 1549, were ordered to be dismantled; but the two Pomeroy's,

who were then living, resisted the command, and at length, in the wild spirit of romance, spurred their chargers over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces, preferring thus to die as free men, rather than yield even a semblance of submission to the power against which they had revolted.

Be this as it may, certain it is that, at the period in question, the manor and castle of Berry-Pomeroy passed into the family of the Duke of Somerset, with whom it still remains. The splendid structure which we have already described was then commenced, but within half a century, and while still unfinished, it was almost totally destroyed by lightning, and the family exchequer having been grievously injured during the civil wars, it was never restored, and is now the ruin we see it.

“Farewell, a long farewell, to all *its* greatness !
This is the state of man : to-day he puts forth.
The tender leaves of hope ; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
The third day comes, a frost, a killing frost ;
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls.”

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Berry, the tourist should visit the church, which is situated in the village of the same name, and is about one mile distant from the Castle. It was founded by one of the Pomeroy's, and bears their arms, both single and impaled, in the glass of the windows, and in the stone roof of the porch. Some of the windows are ancient. The capitals of the columns are ornamented with undulatory ribbons, bearing inscriptions in old English. The arched roof is divided into square panels, excepting one portion at the eastern end, which is formed into hexagonal coffers. The screen is exceedingly rich, and of very ancient date; it is superbly painted and ornamented on the top with fan tracery. Under an obtuse arch is an altar-tomb ornamented with quatrefoils, bearing the arms of Pomeroy impaling Ashton. Here are also many monuments of the Seymour family; one of these is especially fine. The knight and his son are in armour, the former lying cross-legged; the lady is habited in a black dress, and has near her head the figure of an

infant in its cradle; another, with a fine cap, is in a chair at her feet, and below these are five male and four female children, with books before them.

Here also is the memorial-stone of John Prince, author of "The Worthies of Devon," who was Vicar of Berry-Pomeroy for forty-two years. It lies on the north side of the chancel, near the monument of the Seymours, and has this inscription—"In memory of the Rev. John Prince, A.M., Vicar of this Parish, and Author of 'The Worthies of Devon;' he was instituted in the year 1681, and died on the 9th day of September, 1723. Also of the Rev. Joseph Fox, A.M., successor to the above; he died on the 1st day of February, 1781, aged 88."

On our return to Torquay, we may notice the ancient mansion of Blagdon, built of red conglomerate, and situated in a deep bottom. It was long the property of the Kirkhams, a distinguished family in these parts during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and was a favourite residence of the poet Pope, who was a personal friend of the Kirkhams.

EXCURSION VII.

DARTMOUTH, THE DART, TOTNES.

THE commencement of this drive is over ground familiar to us in our former trips to Paignton and Brixham. On reaching Galmpton, however, we leave the road we have hitherto followed, and turn to the right. After driving for some distance, we gain our first view of the Dart, from the top of a steep and long hill, down which the road bends in a sweeping curve. The scenery here is very attractive; interlocking hills, fertile valleys, wooded banks, and lovely glimpses of the bright river. Arrived at the bank, we pass over by the help of a floating bridge, which is worked by horses instead of steam, the original motive power. On the opposite side of the river lies Dartmouth.

This is an extremely ancient and most picturesque town, built in terraces along the steep bank which bounds the harbour, a lake-like expansion of the river, completely land-locked. It

has greatly the appearance of a foreign town, with its quaint old houses, and narrow inconvenient streets. The spot where we land is called the New Ground, an island which was reclaimed from the river about a century ago. Some of the houses in the street leading from the quay have the dates 1625 and 1640 engraven on them, and present the visitor with the first specimens of what he will find in abundance in other parts of the town. They are truly picturesque objects, these ancient habitations, with their wooden framework, rich carving, piazzas, and wonderful gables. One cannot fail to think of Prout, as the eye rests upon them, and to marvel withal what strange fancies were in our forefather's heads when they expended so much labour, and incurred so prodigal a waste of material, in fashioning what could in no-wise have conduced to their comfort. But this is a very low and nineteenth-century-utilitarian view of the matter. Doubtless they had an eye to the pleasure of posterity, and we ought to thank them, and we do hereby record our gratitude, if that will

be any consolation to their ashes, for the gratification they afford us now, by having made themselves then most uncomfortable.

The most curious part of Dartmouth will be found to the south of the New Ground, where two very narrow streets, parallel with the shore, are built along an acclivity so steep, that the base of the upper set of houses is almost on a level with the roofs of the lower, and the communication between them is effected through the medium of a flight of steps. This truly is economising space to the utmost, and is only exceeded by some of the villages in Lebanon, where the inhabitants of one terrace ride over the flat roofs of their neighbours next below them, and would ride into them, should the supports prove fragile. Many of the houses in these two streets are elaborately carved, and are built with overhanging stories, and gables which project still farther in advance, so that friends might almost, if not quite, shake hands across. Doubtless this arrangement might conduce to the pleasures of good neighbourhood;

how far it will aid in the sanitary matter of free ventilation is another question. Many of the projecting fronts here are supported by brackets, carved in the likeness of lions, unicorns, or griffins.

One of these old houses has an additional interest, as having been the birthplace of Newcomen, whose name is so well known in connexion with the history of the steam-engine. He followed the trade of a locksmith, but was a man of some reading, and was induced, by the perusal of the researches of the Marquis of Worcester and others, to institute some experiments for himself on the expansive power of steam. These experiments were conducted so successfully, and exhibited so much scientific acuteness, that they attracted the notice of Dr. Hooke, the mathematician, with whom Newcomen maintained a correspondence in consequence. In conjunction with Captain Savery he was the first to apply the power of steam to the important purpose of draining the Cornish mines, and obtained a patent for his engines in 1705. His machine was constructed with the

cylinder, and to condense the steam, and thus produce a vacuum below the piston, he introduced a jet of cold water into the cylinder, as soon as the piston was sufficiently elevated, instead of throwing it on the outside, as before. A great saving of time and increase of power was thus effected, and the way was paved for the brilliant discoveries which we owe to the genius of Watt.

The Church of St. Saviour's is the next object of interest. It dates from 1372. The door at the south entrance is remarkable for its curious iron ornaments, representing strangely-fashioned lions impaled on a tree, which exhibits a full complement of roots, branches, and leaves. The pulpit is of stone, carved and gilded, and painted every possible colour. There are also a rich wooden screen and rood-loft, showing equal elaboration of carving and colouring. The communion-table is surrounded with seats, the upper parts of which have arabesque ornaments and arms. The table is supported by grotesque figures, and the four evangelists, with their symbols. There is

also a fine altar-piece of "Christ raising the Widow's Son at Nain." It was painted by Brockeden, the eminent artist and Alpine traveller, who was a native of Dartmouth. The wainscoting and panels of the church, like the pulpit and screen, are richly painted and gilded, and emblazoned with coats of arms.

In the centre of the chancel is the tomb of John Hawley, one of the merchant-princes of Dartmouth, who represented the borough in Parliament, in the reign of Henry IV. He was so wealthy, and possessed so many ships, that, according to an old distich of the period—

"Blow the wind high, or blow it low,
It bloweth fair to Hawley's hoe."

He built the chancel, where his remains rest. The date of the tomb was 1408. It is inlaid with brass plates, representing the merchant himself, as a knight—in plate armour, with his mail gorget—between his two wives. His right hand clasps the hand of one of these, his left is placed on his belt. He has a lion at his feet, and there are

dogs at the feet of the ladies, one of whom was the heiress of the unfortunate Sir Robert Tresilian, the celebrated judge. Tradition, so far we know, is silent as to the reason why one wife is, in effigy, honoured beyond the other, by the peculiar mark of affection above-mentioned.

Leaving now the church we proceed towards the mouth of the harbour, passing by the ruins of the old castle, and the cove and hamlet of Warfleet, where we observe another dilapidated tower called Paradise Fort, and a water-mill with a wheel 50 feet in diameter; just at the opening of the harbour, at the extreme point of the wooded promontory which here runs into the sea, and on the verge of a shelving rock of glossy slate, stands Dartmouth Castle, the object of our search. It is a picturesque building, consisting of a square and a round tower, the latter being the oldest, and supposed to date from the reign of Henry VII. Adjoining this building are three batteries, commanding beautiful views of the harbour and enclosing shores. Within the wall is the small

church of St. Petrox, belonging to one of the three parishes into which the borough is divided. It contains an armorial gallery and a monumental brass. The ruins of a more ancient castle are here also seen; the whole being surrounded by a wall and ditch. The round tower is now a magazine, but formerly received the iron chain, which was stretched as a defence across the mouth of the harbour, as we shall have occasion to notice further on. It was here probably drawn tight by a capstan, for Mr. Holdsworth discovered, in the wall of the ground floor, a large wooden bolster or roller, which was manifestly intended to ease the chain as it passed through the wall.

The hill which rises behind the castle to the height of 300 feet, is crowned by the remains of another fort, which is mentioned by Fairfax in his despatch to the parliament, under the name of Gallant's Bower.

The best view of the castle is generally said to be from the sea; but it looks remarkably well as we approach it from the town, where we obtain

the view chosen by Turner, in his illustrations of the Rivers of England.

We should now return on our traces and cross by ferry from the old castle to the little town of Kingswear, which lies on the other side of the harbour, and is probably even older than Dartmouth itself. It is very pleasantly situated along the shore, and the side of the hill. The church stands at some height from the shore, and still further up there is a fort with five bastions, called by Fairfax "Kingsworth Fort," but now known as Mount Ridley. It commands a very fine view.

From the church we follow a path leading towards the mouth of the harbour, and past the Beacon, a mansion lately erected by A. H. Holdsworth, Esq. In a field about one hundred yards above this house there is a terrace, which has been known from time immemorial as the Butts, being in all probability the ancient archery ground.

About a quarter of a mile beyond the Beacon we arrive at Brookhill, the seat of J. Davenport, Esq.

It is situated in a wooded cove, so sheltered by the hills as to be one of the warmest spots in the county. Oaks and evergreens of large size clothe the shelving banks close down to the sea, mingling their rich foliage with the grey tints of the weather-beaten rocks. The foundations of a castle are visible on the seaward bow of the cove, and at the base of the cliff below are the traces of an old landing-place, with a groove and holes cut in the rock for the purpose of securing the chain, the other end of which, as we have already stated, was fixed in the castle opposite. The rocks close at hand have been cut away to form a level space, and here we may see holes for the reception of beams and rafters, belonging, in all probability, to a guard-house for the protection of the chain.

The house itself contains several objects which are worthy of notice. The panels in the wainscoting of the dining-room are emblazoned with the arms of the most distinguished families in the county, and the ceiling presents us with a curious pictorial sketch of various events in the history of

Dartmouth and Devonshire. In the centre there is a shield, representing the landing of the Prince of Orange in Torbay. Round this are grouped a number of shields, each stamped with the name and date of some Devon "worthy;" while others, arranged in straight lines on opposite sides of this circular group, commemorate the eminent divines who were natives of Devonshire. The border of the ceiling illustrates the history of Dartmouth, after the same fashion. Over the chimney-piece there is some carving representing Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, before Nebuchadnezzar, which was taken from Newcomen's sitting-room. Parts of the chimney-piece are of black oak, brought from Greenway, where they formed a portion of the chimney-nook in which Sir Walter Raleigh is said to have smoked the first cigar in England.

Beyond the grounds of Brookhill, and close upon the shore, is the ruined tower of Kingswear Castle. In old records Dartmouth is called Clifton-Dartmouth-Hardnesse, for it originally comprised

three hamlets so named; the distinction between them, although now little more than nominal, is still in some measure kept up; Clifton being an appendage of the parish of Stoke-Fleming, and the two others of the parish of Townstall. The earliest mention of it is in a charter granted by Henry III., to Edward de Gloucester in 1226. It was incorporated in the reign of Edward III., 1342, and was evidently then a port of great consequence, as it furnished thirty-one ships to the fleet intended for the siege of Calais, a larger proportion than was supplied by any other town in the kingdom, excepting Fowey and Yarmouth. Until the reign of Edward I. it passed as part of the barony of Totnes. At the close of the fifteenth century, Edward IV. entered into a covenant with the corporation of Dartmouth, whereby they agreed to build "a stronge, and myghty, and defensyve newe towyr and bulwarke of lime and stone," for the protection of the place, to garnish it with guns, and to find a chain to be laid across the mouth of the haven from one tower to the other. In

consideration of this, they were to receive an annual grant from the Crown of 30%.

Dartmouth is a quiet-enough looking place now, as it lies sleeping in the sun, its old houses winking lazily at each other, like ancient cronies over their cups ; but it has felt some hard knocks in its day, and has seen much of the pomp and circumstance, and known not a little of the troubles and wretchedness, of war. A fleet of crusaders, under Cœur de Lion, are said to have assembled in its harbour in 1190. In 1377 it was ravaged by the French, as they swept the English shores from the Isle of Wight to Plymouth. In 1403, Plymouth having been a second time pillaged by the French, the Dartmouth people, smarting under their former injuries, combined with the inhabitants of that port, and carried fire and sword into the enemy's coast, burning and sinking forty of their ships. Next year the French endeavoured to revenge their loss, and Du Chastel was commissioned to attack Dartmouth again ; but they met with so warm a reception that they were fain to draw off with the

loss of 400 killed and 200 prisoners, including the general himself. In the wars of the roses, Dartmouth was the port of the Lancasterian party. During the period of the great rebellion, Dartmouth, in common with the larger portion of Devonshire, declared for the parliament. In 1643, Prince Maurice laid siege to it, but did not find it, as he expected, an easy conquest, for it held out a full month, and he lost many men; among them Sir James Chudleigh. Having at length become master of the place, he gave the command to Colonel Seymour, a gentleman of the county, and deeming the post to be one of much importance, caused the fortifications to be strengthened, and strong garrisons to occupy the old Castle, Gallant's Bower, Kingswear Castle, Paradise Fort, and Mount Flaggon. Townstall church also, and Mount Boone, further up the river, were well manned, and had about thirty guns mounted. The west gate was also fortified. In all there were more than sixty pieces of ordnance in the place. In 1645, the royalists were in turn besieged

by Sir Thomas Fairfax, who was assisted from seaward by Vice-Admiral Batten. The place was carried by storm. Colonel Pride took Mount Boone; Colonel Fortescue gained Townstall church; Colonel Hamond forced the west gate, and the town, with its other defences, surrendered. Both parties fought with great bravery. Two ships of war fell into the hands of the conqueror. Sir Hugh Pollard, the governor of the town; Sir Henry Cary, governor of Kingswear Castle; the Earl of Newport, Colonel Seymour, and the whole garrison, were made prisoners.

We now leave Dartmouth, and take a boat to proceed up the river to Totnes, the conveyance which brought us hither being sent by land to the same destination.

It is impossible in words to do justice to this water trip. A series of illustrations would alone convey an adequate idea of the varied beauties which delight us, as we move upwards on our devious course; now hoisting sail and scudding along merrily before a favourable breeze; anon, as

the river bends again, meeting the wind right in the teeth, and creeping, therefore, slowly on by the help of oars; for the stream is very winding, and this constitutes one of its chief attractions. We can never see a long even stretch before us, but appear to pass through a chain of lakes, in the middle of some of which, we at one and the same time lose sight of the opening by which we entered, and are sorely puzzled to conjecture how we shall get out; so land-locked is the water. The banks, too,—how beautiful they are, with the luxuriant woods that sweep down to the very edge, and hang lovingly over the stream, viewing their own rich foliage reflected in the liquid mirror; or retreating backwards into deep quiet coves, within which the water lies calmly and at rest, as a child in the arms of its mother. There is a steamer which sometimes plies between Dartmouth and Totnes, but it is a grievous mistake for the tourist to go by it; the splash of paddles, and the smoke of the funnel, and the noise of a crowded deck, are altogether at variance with the quiet

loveliness of the scene, and jar most harshly on the feelings. It is impossible to enjoy nature in a hurry, and steam and rest are not convertible terms. There is poetry, and that of a high order, in the wonder-works of that great agent of civilisation; but it is not the poetry of repose, and we can never enter into the soul of anything, unless our mind be brought into unison with that which is its leading and innate idea. Therefore, take a small boat, and go with a small party, not over given to talk, if you would come away with such an impression as will make the Dart live in your memory, among the choicest images of beauty and of peace.

We must, however, indicate the stations and points of interest which we pass on our way. After leaving Dartmouth we first observe, on the left, the wooded grounds of Mount Boone, the residence of Sir H. P. Seale, Bart. Beyond this, on the right, the bathing and boat-house attached to the Greenway estate. The river here turns at a right angle, and forms the bay of Greenway, one

of those lake-like expansions of which we have spoken. In one creek of this bay the river is scarcely more than a mile distant from Torbay. The house of Greenway, the residence of Lieut-Colonel Carlyon, is situated on a projecting neck of land, embowered in woods. On the left bank, a little further on, is Dittisham Parsonage, beautifully situated on a rising ground, and, just beyond, the church and village, half hidden among the trees. This is one of the most picturesque objects along the river. We then pass, on the right bank, Watton Court, the residence of H. Studdy, Esq.; Sandridge, (Lord Cranstoun;) the woods of Maisonette, (— Hume, Esq.,) and the village of Stoke Gabriel. The river here is contracted, and the two last named places are situated on a small creek which runs out from it. As we advance, the river still contracts, and the banks become more rocky, but with beautiful peeps into the neighbouring country. We now soon reach Sharpham on the left, the residence of R. Durant, Esq. The woods here are very fine, forming in

one part a magnificent crescent of trees along the water's edge, of most noble proportions. There is here also a triple echo, and one of the largest rookeries in the county.

After passing Sharpham we obtain our first sight of Totnes, and a striking and beautiful object it is, as it rises before us, stretching along the crest of a hill, with its lofty church tower, and the crumbling battlements of its ancient castle defined against the clear blue sky. It is a venerable borough-town, consisting principally of one street nearly a mile in length, and terminated on the east by a stone bridge, which connects it with its suburb Bridgetown, and which was built in 1828, at a cost of 12,000*l*. Steps descend from this to a small island in the river, which has been planted by the Duke of Somerset for the public use. It was anciently called "Dodonesse, or the rocky town." The present name is either a corruption of this, or has been derived from the Saxon "tot," "toten," to project, as is the case with Tothill and Tottenham. During the Norman period it

formed a station on the great road which ran from Exeter to the Tamar, by Ugbrooke, Newton Abbot, and Boringdon Park. According to tradition it is the place where Brutus of Troy landed. The manor was granted by William the Conqueror to Juhel, who on this account took the name of de Totnais. He built the castle of which the ruins still remain, as we have before noticed. Juhel was banished by William Rufus, and his estates confiscated; but they subsequently returned in part to his descendants. They are now the property of the Duke of Somerset, having come to that family after passing through many hands. In 1655 the Seymours alienated the manor, but re-purchased it in 1764.

Totnes was formerly surrounded by walls, and had four gates; some portions of them still remain. It is said that the sea originally flowed up to the eastern boundary of the town, the adjoining shores bearing the appellation of "*Totonensium littus*." It was one of the minting towns of Devonshire in the Anglo-Saxon era. According to Prince, the

change from a maritime port to an inland town was brought about, in part at least, by the quantity of sand which was carried down the river from the tin-works of Dartmoor, and which blocked up and spoiled the haven. On its ruin Dartmouth began to flourish. It is clear, however, that the latter town is, under all circumstances, much more favourably situated for sea traffic, and must eventually, even if the river had remained open, have eclipsed its more distant rival.

The church is an interesting structure, belonging to the fifteenth century. The date was curiously brought to light by an accident. During a thunderstorm the south-east pinnacle was struck down by lightning, and in its fall beat in the roof of a small room over the porch. By this means two chests full of old records were discovered, and the date of the tower was ascertained to be 1432. Some of these records were given at the episcopal palace at Chudleigh, by Bishop Lacy. In one, forty days' indulgence is granted to all contributors towards the rebuilding of the church.

The tower is above 100 feet high. It is supported by buttresses, which ascend on each side to the embattled summit. The latter terminates with four octagonal embattled turrets, surmounted with bold polygonal crocketed pinnacles. In the centre canopied niche on the south side, is the head of a bishop, and underneath the words, "I BUILT THIS TOWER."

The most remarkable object in the church is the screen, which extends to one half of the chancel. It is of stone, elaborately carved and decorated, and painted with stripes of blue, grey, green, and vermilion. The crockets, finials, and bosses are gilt in the ancient manner.

The pulpit is also of stone, and painted. It is divided by two tiers of Gothic panels, each containing a stone shield, with the following emblematical [of what?] devices:—1. A lion couchant; 2. A ship under sail; 3. A laden ass resting; 4. A serpent coiled, with the head erect; 5. A golden tankard; 6. A camelopard; 7. A black ox; 8. A fruit tree; 9. A wolf rampant;

10. Rivers of water ; 11. A swan ; 12. A lion rampant. The font is coeval with the pulpit, octangular in shape, and standing on a shaft ornamented with panels, and quatrefoils on the upper part. The aldermen's seats, in front of the screen, were erected in the reign of Charles II.; the upper panels are carved in the style of Queen Elizabeth.

The entire building is constructed of red sandstone, and consists of a nave and two aisles, a porch on the south, and a modern transept on the north.

In 1835 an episcopal chapel was erected at Bridgetown, at the expense of the Duke of Somerset. It was the origin of much litigation, and is now alienated from the Establishment, and made a Free Church. It is capable of accommodating between 1200 and 1500 persons. There is a large Independent chapel in Ashburton Road, built in 1840; and a small Wesleyan chapel in Fore Street.

Behind the church, on the site of the ancient Benedictine Priory, are the Guildhall, the Grammar School, and the National School.

Totnes is one of the three Archdeaconries of Devon. It has jurisdiction over eight Deaneries ; viz. Holsworthy, Ipplepen, Moreton, Okehampton, Tamerton, Tavistock, Totton or Totnes, and Woodleigh. It has sent members to Parliament since the reign of Edward I., and still returns two members under the Reform Bill. King John granted the burgesses a charter of privilege in 1205, but according to Lysons it does not seem that they had a mayor before the reign of Henry VII., who granted them the power to elect a mayor annually on St. Matthew's day. The borough is now governed by a mayor, six justices, four aldermen and twelve councilmen, under the provisions of the late Municipal Corporation Act.

Totnes has a weekly market, on Saturdays, for all sorts of provisions. On the first Tuesday in every month there is a great cattle market. Two fairs are held in the year, in the months of May and October. The population is 3849, and the number of houses 741.

The country in the neighbourhood is remarkable for its fertility, and beautiful madrepora marbles are quarried in the vicinity.

Before leaving Totnes the tourist should visit the Public Walk below the bridge, and a path along the banks of the Mill-lead from the Seven Stars Inn.

About a mile and a half to the north of Totnes, and on the banks of the river, is Dartington, the seat of the Champernowne family. Its position is most beautiful, commanding the rich vale of Totnes, with its woods and meadows and glancing waters; and its historical recollections are full of interest. It is a very old place, dating from the time of William the Conqueror, in whose reign it was held by the Norman baron, William de Falaise. It afterwards passed into the hands of Martin de Tours, Lord of Camoys, in Wales, and of Combe-Martin, in Devon. It remained in the possession of the Fitz Martins till Edward the Second's time, in the nineteenth year of whose reign, Lord William Fitz Martin dying without issue, it fell to

his nephew, the celebrated Lord Audley, the hero of Poitiers. At the decease of Lord Audley, Dartington, by an entail, in default of male issue, fell to the Crown, and Richard the Second granted it to Lord John Holland, Earl of Huntingdon and Duke of Exeter, who was his half brother. At the extinction of this branch of the Holland family, in the person of Henry Duke of Exeter, who married a sister of Edward IV., it again returned to the Crown.

The melancholy history of this nobleman affords a most striking instance of the uncertainty of earthly possessions. Of regal descent, and closely allied by marriage with royalty, life opened upon him with its brightest prospects; and doubtless as he sat in the hall of his fathers, and looked out upon the noble country before him, and the rich and beautiful lands which he called his own, he indulged in many a day-dream of pleasure yet to come, and perchance of heights of ambition yet to be trodden; for the mind of man is the same in all ages, ever forth-looking, ever stretching towards

some distant goal; ever fashioning to itself the picture that will be. Alas! how often is the reality most diverse from the anticipation! It was well for him that the truth could not be foreseen, for it would have embittered all his existence, and turned, before the time, his draught of happiness into gall. At the battle of Barnet, the scene changed at once and for ever. He received a dangerous wound; and though he escaped with his life, it was merely to prolong his days in hopeless exile; for the parliament deprived him of his estates, and he was compelled to wander in foreign lands, and to beg his daily bread for very poverty.

After this Dartington was granted by the Crown to the Countess of Richmond, for her life; and at her decease, was sold to a London family of the name of Ailworth. From them it was purchased by Sir Arthur Champernowne of Modbury. It continued in the possession of this family till 1774, when, by the death of Rawlin Champernowne, Esq., it devolved, pursuant to a remainder in the will of his predecessor, to Arthur Harrington, son of the

latter's only daughter and heir, who was married to the Rev. Richard Harrington. This gentleman took the name of Champernowne, and the estate still remains in his family.

The original mansion must have been a very splendid building. The great hall still remains, and is a most interesting relic of feudal grandeur. It is 70 feet in length by 40 in breadth, and has a huge old fire-place 16 feet broad, and a porch with a groined ceiling, bearing the escutcheon of the house of Holland. Of the outer quadrangle of the original building, which measures 245 feet by 157, three sides are perfect, part being now inhabited as a farm-house. At the end of the pile are some of the original buildings, and on the west side, which was rebuilt in the reign of Elizabeth, there is a terraced garden.

The church is also deserving of a visit. It has large pointed windows, a tower, and battlements. The arms of Holland are displayed in the painted glass. There is a fine monument of the Champernownes, displaying the kneeling effigies of a man

in armour, and four male and female figures with the arms of the families into which they married. Under a trefoil-beaded arch is a small effigy, with curled hair and a long gown.

EXCURSION VIII.

FORD, NEWTON, BRADLEY.

We may accomplish the objects of this excursion, if we please, by taking the train as far as Newton, which will occupy about ten minutes, and make that our starting-place; or we may follow the old plan, and use a carriage the entire way. This latter we think preferable, as the road is a good and very pleasant one, and the country through which it passes sufficiently interesting to bear more than one inspection. It, however, does not stand in need of much description.

Ford House, the first place at which we shall stop, is an old mansion on the banks of a little stream called the Aller. It was built by Sir

Richard Reynel, a younger son of the Ogwell family, and an eminent lawyer in the reign of James I. His daughter brought it in marriage to Sir William Waller, the parliamentary general. By his daughter, again, it was conveyed to the Courtenays, Earls of Devon, by her marriage with Sir William Courtenay, of Powderham. During the time of the Rebellion it saw some sharp fighting, having been taken and re-taken three times by the contending parties. On the 15th of September, 1625, it was visited by Charles I., with the Duke of Buckingham and other nobles. Prince, who has given an account of this visit, says, "Thursday, after dinner, his Majesty conferred the honour of knighthood, in the dining-room of that house, on Sir Richard Reynell, of West Ogwell, and on Thomas Reynell, his brother, who at that time was his Majesty's servant and server in ordinary to his person, in presence of their wives and divers lords and ladies, saying then, 'God give you joy.' After that he went on to Plymouth, and returned to Ford the 24th of

the same month, and the Sunday following his Majesty went to Woolborough or Ulborough Church." In 1688 the Prince of Orange slept here on his way from Brixham to Exeter, and the room which he occupied is still pointed out. The house has been repaired in good taste. It is now in the occupation of H. Cartwright, Esq.

Close by Ford is the Newton and Torquay station of the South Devon Railway.

Proceeding towards the town, by the upper road, not the one which runs past the station, we see on the left the "Widows' Houses," a charitable institution founded in 1640, by Lady Lucy Reynell of Ford, for the reception of clergymen's widows. It was originally designed for four persons, but the building has been re-constructed, and only three can now be admitted on the foundation. On the front of one of the houses are the following lines :—

"Is 't strange a prophet's widowe poore should be?
If strange; then is the Scripture strange to thee."

A few yards further on, and on the same side,

we pass the Union Workhouse, a large, substantial building, and enter Newton.

This town, situated in the vale of Woolborough, and at the head of the estuary of the Teign, is divided into two portions by the small river Lemon. The nearest to Torquay is called Newton Abbot, from having been formerly connected with Tor Abbey; the other, Newton Bushel, from its ancient lords, the Bushels of Bradley.

Newton Abbot is in the parish of Woolborough; it is said to have possessed an ancient charter, and was formerly a borough town. The chapel of ease, built in 1836, is seated for 800 persons. Its old chapel, named St. Leonard's, stood in Woolborough Street, till within the last few years, but the square tower alone remains now, obstructing what would otherwise have been a good thoroughfare, and serving no purpose either of beauty or utility. It undoubtedly ought to be pulled down, for the mere fact of being old is not enough to render the perpetuation of an inconvenience desirable. It is quite different when a

relic is of value in other respects, either from historical associations, or artistic worth.

Newton Bushell is in the parish of Highweek. It also possesses a chapel of ease which will interest the antiquarian, and which contains a good painting of the "Nativity," presented by James Templer, Esq.

The right of holding markets and fairs was granted to both places at a very early period, but they have been for many years restricted to Newton Abbot. The present market, held on Wednesdays, is one of the best and best frequented in the district. There are three fairs held during the year, in the months of June, September, and November, and there is a great market in February. There is an Independent chapel in Woolborough Street, a Baptist chapel in East Street, and a Wesleyan in Courtenay Street.

The manor of Woolborough, including Newton Abbot, belongs to the Earl of Devon. Highweek, with Newton Bushell, is the property of the Rev.

F. S. Wall, of Bradley House. The population of the two parishes is 3912.

Newton was the first town in which the Prince of Orange issued his declaration. This event is commemorated by a stone with an inscription, which stands in the middle of Woolborough Street. The parish church of Woolborough is about a mile distant from the town. It occupies a commanding situation, and consists of a nave and two aisles communicating with each other by six arches. The corbels on the label mouldings over the exterior of the belfry window bear the head of a cat, and of a horned owl. The greater part of the south aisle is comparatively modern ; on its eastern extremity may be seen, from the churchyard, the date "A^o. Di. M^o. V^c. xvi." The screen still exists. One of the windows of the chancel exhibits the arms of Courtenay, Yarde, Ferrers, Reynell, &c. In other windows are the figures of St. Barbara and St. Mary Magdalene. In the capital of the column to which the pulpit is attached, there is a boar pig, biting at a bunch

of acorns. Another capital is adorned with a bird pecking at grapes. The granite font is very ancient and has some curious carvings. A brass column supports the brass eagle on which the book rests. It is said to have been found on Bovey-heath field. There is also an altar tomb of Sir Richard Reynell, with the effigies of himself and his wife. On the side is the figure of Margaret Waller, the daughter of Sir William Waller. Until the dissolution of Tor Abbey, the church of Woolborough was served by one of the canons of that establishment.

Leaving Newton by the Totnes road, at the distance of about a mile from the town, we arrive at Bradley House, situated in a most beautiful and luxuriantly wooded vale. It is a remarkable specimen of a fortified house on a small scale, and presents many objects of antiquarian interest. The date of the oldest portions of the building is generally assigned to the fourteenth century. The chapel, lodge, and eastern front, are in the gothic style of the early part of the reign of Henry VI. The chapel is very small, and is separated from the

hall by an elaborately carved partition of oak. The confessional is still to be recognised in the western wall; and the arms of Courtenay, De Englishville, Bushel, Ferrers, and Bishop Lacy adorn the groins of the roof. It is now being refitted as a dwelling-house, the chapel being intended to serve as a drawing-room.

In the reign of King John, Bradley belonged to the Courtenays, and some time in the thirteenth century it came into the hands of Theobald de Englishville, by grant from the Crown. From him it passed to his kinsmen, the Bushels, and from them, in the time of Richard II., it came to the Yardes, who sold it in 1751 to Thomas Veale, Esq. From this latter gentleman it passed to the Lanes of Coffleet, who eventually sold it to the Rev. F. S. Wall, the present proprietor.

Leaving the old house, we continue our course up the beautiful valley, and soon lose sight of its walls in the thick foliage of the wood. It is the fashion to call this "a sadly neglected domain,"—for our part we doubt if Art could do anything

but spoil. Truly the roads might be better kept, and the wild grass changed into a well-cropped lawn, and the trees trimmed into orderly stiffness ; but what true lover of Nature would thank the officious hand that wrought such change ? For us, we love to wander where we can forget for a while the busy interference of our fellows ; where we can see how trees will grow unpruned, throwing out their branches where they list, and rising cheerily up into the free air, themselves as free. We love to linger by the tangled underwood, and list to the ripple of the water as it flows beneath, catching here and there a bright flash darting through the green maze, and wondering how it would look if we could only see all that we hear. And therefore we rejoice that Bradley Woods are still uncultivated ; that the hand of man has not worked mischief, while attempting to improve.

For the whole valley is truly in a state of nature. We know not a better place for the artist to make studies of trees. They are there in all the beauty of their free-born luxuriance, in all the

rich variety of their many forms;—the solemn pine, the majestic oak, the graceful ash, the lofty beech, here crowded together in dense masses, there standing singly, or clustered into picturesque groups. And as we pass along, the hills rise more loftily on either hand, their sides adorned with furze and heather, and masses of many-coloured rock; while below us, for the road ascends now, we see the old mill half-hidden among its surrounding foliage, and hear the dash of water from its busy wheel. It is a scene that swells the heart with gentle emotions, and fills the mind with tranquil happy thoughts.

The road emerges from the valley at Churcombe Bridge (which is in itself a beautiful object for a sketch), and leads us up the hill to White Rock, a mass of overhanging limestone. The view from this point is truly magnificent. The deep wooded glen lies immediately at our feet, guarded at its entrance by rocky ramparts, and from this the eye ranges onwards over hill and dale, beautifully diversified in form and colouring, to the blue

Dartmoor hills which rise up far away, and form a noble back-ground. It has, however, one deficiency, and that a great one,—there is no water. The little Lemon is hidden by its overarching canopy of green, and though we know it is there, we cannot see it; and the Teign, also in the neighbourhood, is not visible from this point. If some patriotic proprietor would sacrifice a field or two, and form an unproductive lake where he has now teeming acres, the scene would be perfect. But this is scarcely to be expected.

The rocks here, we should mention, are rich in madrepores.

Leaving this delightful spot, where the air is as pure as the prospect is attractive, and still keeping the high ground for a little time, we then descend to the village of Ogbwell, which scarcely requires description, and from thence proceed to Denbury, which is called a borough in ancient records, and where there are the remains of a Roman camp. From Denbury we advance to Torbryan and Ipplepen, both which places are prettily situated, and

return to Torquay by Abbotskerswell and Edginswell, with the scenery of which we are already acquainted.

EXCURSION IX.

TEIGNMOUTH.

WE may reach Teignmouth either by the road which we have already travelled in our excursion to Shaldon and Haccombe, or by railway. For the sake of variety, we should rather suggest the latter, as the line from Newton, along the banks of the Teign, is very pretty, and enables us to examine the river from an opposite point of view to that which we occupied in the drive just referred to. In either case the situation of the town along the side of a wooded hill, and on a neck of land which projects into the mouth of the estuary, will first engage our notice; and then we shall examine the bridge which connects Teignmouth with Shaldon. This is a light and elegant structure,

composed partly of wood and partly of iron, and forming the longest bridge in England. It is 1671 feet in length, and consists of thirty-four arches, and a swing bridge, which opens into two parts, allowing vessels of 300 or 400 tons burthen to pass through. It was designed and executed by Mr. Roger Hopkins. The works were commenced in September, 1825, and the bridge was opened June 8th, 1827. In the month of June, 1838, during the night, a portion of the centre fell in, and, on examination, it was found that this unexpected occurrence was caused by the ravages of the *Toredo Navalis*, or ship-worm, which had destroyed a portion of the wood-work. The bridge has since been substantially repaired.

Teignmouth is divided into two parishes, East and West Teignmouth, each of which has a church within its limits. East Teignmouth is situated partly in the manor of East Teignmouth, or Teignmouth Courtenay, and partly in that of Kenton. West Teignmouth is in the manor of the same name, with the exception of a very small part of

the town, which also belongs to Kenton. The church in this division of the town is chiefly remarkable for its defiance of good taste and of every rule of architecture. East Teignmouth church is in many respects superior, though by no means striking; its doorway, which is richly carved in imitation of the Norman style, is the work of the late Mr. Kendall, of Exeter, and is well worthy of inspection.

Teignmouth is by no means a pretty town, so far as the streets are concerned, for they are neither well planned, nor broad, nor handsome; the great attraction of the place is the Den, a broad walk and drive close to the sea, surrounding a large piece of land laid down in grass, and running in a part of its circuit before the public rooms and some of the best houses in the town. Here the sea breeze may be enjoyed in its greatest purity, and the sandy beach which lies close to the Den, forms a most pleasant walk at low water, and is admirably adapted for bathing. The inhabitants are very proud of this Den, and well

may they value it highly, for without it the fame of Teignmouth as a watering-place would be destroyed without remedy. On the eastern end of the sands there are two singular rocks called the "Parson and Clerk," from some fancied resemblance to two human figures. Viewed from the Den, the former of these has really some likeness to the figure of a monk in a crouching position. Part of the South Devon Railway runs along the beach, and here a handsome esplanade has been constructed.

The Public Rooms are situated in the centre of the Crescent, on the Den, and facing the sea. They form an elegant and classical building, ornamented by a colonnade of massive Doric pillars, and are well arranged and commodious. They were erected in 1826, by the late Andrew Patey, Esq., from funds furnished by subscription.

The Public Baths are at the eastern end of the Den; there is a small Light-house also on the Den, near the mouth of the river; it was erected by order of the Teignmouth Harbour

Commissioners in 1844-5. The Wesleyans, the Independents, and the Plymouth Brethren have chapels in the town.

Teignmouth is in the hundred of Exminster ; its population is 4456 ; the number of houses, 1024. Three fairs are held during the year, in the months of January, February, and September. There is also an annual regatta, generally in August. It has recently been made an independent port, and carries on a considerable trade with Newfoundland. There is also a large export trade of fine pipe and potter's clay from Kingsteignton, and granite from Heytor.

Of the ancient history of Teignmouth, the two parishes of which are separated by the little river Tame, but few records remain. Camden, in his "Britannia," mentions it in the following terms :—
"Then you meet with Teignemouth, a little village at the mouth of the river Teigne, wherof it hath also the name, where the Danes, who were sent before to discover the situation of Britaine, and to sound the landing places, being first set ashore,

about the year of salvation, 800, and having slain the governor of the place, took it as an ominous good token of future victorie; which indeed they followed with extreme cruelty throughout the whole island." Before the Conquest, the manor belonged to the see of Exeter. King Henry III., on the 8th of April, in the 27th year of his reign, A.D. 1253, granted Teignmouth a market on Saturdays, and an annual fair of three days on the 28th, 29th, and 30th of September. The Bishops of Exeter greatly encouraged its commerce, and obtained for it the honour of sending two members to Parliament. In the 23rd year of Henry VIII., an act was passed to amend the haven of Teignmouth, which had been greatly injured by the process of streaming for tin on Dartmoor; and this act sets forth that formerly vessels of 800 tons burthen could have entered the port at low water. But the remedy applied does not appear to have been effectual, for the place rapidly declined. Bishop Burnet, in his "History of his own Times," says, that the

French fleet lay for some time in Torbay, and before they left the coast "made a descent on a miserable fishing-village called Teignmouth. They burnt it and a few fishing boats that belonged to it, but the inhabitants got away, and, as a body of militia was marching thither, the French made great haste back to their ships. The French published this in their gazettes with much pomp, as if it had been a great trading town that had many ships, with some men-of-war in port. This both rendered them ridiculous, and served to raise the hatred of the nation against them, for every town on the coast saw what they must expect, if the French should prevail." The old church of East Teignmouth retained the marks of this French visit to the time of its being taken down to make way for the present structure. To repair the injury sustained by this attack, the inhabitants procured a brief, by which they were enabled to raise 11,000*l.*, for the restoration of the town.*

* An ancient copy of this brief is now in the possession of Mr. Croydon, proprietor of the Public Library, Regent Place, Teignmouth.

Teignmouth has long ceased to send any representatives to parliament.

Before leaving the neighbourhood of Teignmouth, such tourists as care for architectural antiquities should visit Bishop's Teignton, a picturesque village on the north bank of the Teign, and inspect the Saxon doorway of the church, which is said to be a most beautiful specimen of art.

EXCURSION X.

ASHBURTON AND HOLNE CHASE.

IN this excursion we, for the first time, touch upon, and pass over, the borders of the ancient forest of Dartmoor. In a subsequent portion of this work we purpose giving a general sketch of the wild, and yet beautiful region thus denominated, with its antiquities. At present we shall merely describe the localities named at the head of this section, which may be easily visited in one

day from Torquay. For the general inspection of Dartmoor, Torquay is not a good centre.

The road from Newton to Ashburton, (eight miles), passes through a pretty country, but not remarkable in any way. The town of Ashburton itself lies in a fertile valley, opening to the south, and protected on the west by the rocky hills of Dartmoor. It consists principally of one long street, and has no features of attraction. It is one of the five stannary towns of Devonshire, the other four being Chagford, Plympton, Tavistock, and Plymouth. The church is a handsome cruciform structure, dedicated to St. Andrew, and supposed to date from the fifteenth century. It has a fine tower, ninety feet high, and terminated by a small spire. The south aisle contains a tablet with inscription by Dr. Johnson to the memory of the first Lord Ashburton. The Grammar School, (at which were educated the first Lord Ashburton, Dr. Ireland the Dean of Westminster, and William Gifford, apprenticed in his early years to a shoemaker, but known

afterwards as a translator of Juvenal and the editor of the "Quarterly,") occupies the chapel of St. Lawrence, an endowed charity, in behalf of which Bishop Lacy granted forty days' indulgence to all contributors.

In 1646 Ashburton was taken by Fairfax, who lodged after the capture at the Mermaid Inn. This house is now a shop.

The manor of Ashburton belonged from an early period to the Bishops of Exeter. In the reign of James I. it was in the hands of the crown. It now belongs to Lord Clinton. In the 26th of Edward I. it first sent members to Parliament, and again in the reign of Henry IV. After this it ceased to do so until 1640. It has now one representative.

Four fairs are held during the year, and a great market the third Tuesday in every month. The manufacture of serge was at one time carried on here to a large extent. It has greatly declined now, but there is still a considerable trade in that article, chiefly with the East India Company.

. We must change horses here, for the drive through the Chase is about ten miles in length, and the roads are not of the levellest. Leaving Ashburton by the road which leads to Buckland-on-the-Moor, we pass up a long ascent, at the summit of which we gain our first view of the peculiar scenery which characterises this part of the country. From the heathy eminence on which we stand, the eye ranges over a wide expanse of hill and valley and wood, with the bright glancing river winding its way deep below us, now circling round the green hills, now looking cheerily up through the dark over-hanging foliage, and then melting away in the far blue distance. It is in truth a very lovely prospect, and were there nothing else to be seen would well repay a journey of some length. How well does that river, as we trace it along its course, symbolise the life of faith in the soul of man ! Bright and clear at its source, fed with the waters which come from above, and the hidden springs which the Great Creator has formed in the heart of his earth, it

flows on life-giving and gladdening all around. The rich woods which it nourishes bend over it as it sweeps along, and fill the air with the fragrance of their healthful growing,—the love-response for benefits received. Anon, it moves in a narrower channel, darkened, and overshadowed by the hard rocks of some unlovely sectarianism. There are no woods here, for the soil is too scanty, and the waters sound hoarsely as they chafe over the rugged bottom. Yet still there is some life, for true faith can never be altogether fruitless, and here and there bright creepers climb the fissured surface, and soften its hard features. And so the stream moves on, and now again it emerges into the clear sunlight, and rejoicing in the glory which is not confined to one small spot of earth, but like its Maker shines on all, and blesses all, itself expands in rejoicing freedom, and sheds around it a wealth of beauty. And thus still ever forwards, with bright face turned to the loving Eye above, unstopped, though for a time agitated by the rude crags of trial, or ruffled by the sudden

blasts of adversity, still ever onwards, gaining in depth, in power, and in fulness to end at last in the illimitable bosom of the Infinite.

Buckland Beacon, a rocky Tor close by this point, should be ascended for the sake of the prospect. It commands a most extensive panorama in which the following objects stand out prominently:—Rippon Tor close at hand to the N.N.E. rising to the altitude of 1549 feet: Cut Hill N. of N.W. a lonely hill of bog in which the Dartmoor rivers take their rise, it is very distant but still visible: Crockern and some neighbouring Tors forming the horizon in the N.W.; Hessary Tor 1730 feet high in the North, and Prince's Town N. of West: Buckland House and village church to the west; the huge dreary ridge of Holne Moor 1785 feet high to the W.S.W.; the Dart and the woods of Buckland; South Brent Tor far away to the S.S.W.; Answell or Hazel Tor rising out of the pine-wood on the other side of the road; and the town of Ashburton.

Descending from this eminence, we drive

through woods and across open fields to the small and picturesquely situated village of Buckland-on-the-Moor; and then continue our path through the same kind of wild and beautiful woodland scenery, ever and anon catching glimpses of the bright river below, and hearing the sound of its voice rising upwards through the rustling trees, until at length we find ourselves at the bottom of the deep wooded and rocky glen, and stand upon the margin of the Dart, where the Webburn pours its turbid waters into the main stream. The view here is exceedingly attractive, and will inevitably be transferred to the sketch-book of every one who has the command of the pencil. The botanist will also find here a rich treat in the splendid specimens of *Osmunda Regalis*, which grow with great luxuriance at the angle of junction of the two streams. Our path now still leads us along the Dart, and, after driving some distance, a turn in the road reveals to us what is considered the gem of the Dart scenery—the Lover's Leap, a rough mass of slate rock, rising perpendicularly out of the river.

The scenery here reminds one strongly of some parts of Scotland, and is indeed very beautiful. About a mile further we join the Ashburton road at Holne Bridge, and return to the town. Just before entering it, the driver will be sure to stop the carriage that we may listen to a remarkably clear and distinct echo at a place called "Sounding Gate." It is produced in a quarry, on the opposite side of the valley. In this neighbourhood also there is a limestone cavern, called Pridham-sleigh, running an unknown distance underground, as dark as night, and containing pools of deep water. It is on a farm of the same name.

EXCURSION XI.

CHUDLEIGH, UGBROOKE, HALDON, BOVEY TRACEY, HEYTOR.

AFTER leaving Newton our route leads us past Stover, the seat of the Duke of Somerset, where we may pause for a short inspection. The park

is well kept, and adorned by fine timber, which, however, presents rather too much sameness of appearance, being chiefly oak. The view from the terraced garden in front of the mansion is very beautiful, embracing a wide extent of richly cultivated undulating country, backed by the hills of Dartmoor.

About six miles distance from Newton we arrive at the small town of Chudleigh, a neat and clean-looking place, but greatly fallen from its former prosperity, the traffic which it once enjoyed being altogether absorbed by the railway. In the olden times it belonged to the bishops of Exeter, but it was alienated in the reign of Edward VI. The manor is now the property of Lord Clifford. A market was granted to it as early as 1309, and a fair for three days on the festival of St. Barnabas; the market is now held on Saturdays, and there are three fairs in the course of the year, in April, May, and October. The entire town, with the exception of the church and a few buildings, it was destroyed by fire in 1807. It was

rebuilt, within four or five years, by public subscription, 21,000*l.* having been collected for that purpose. The Kingsteignton canal, made at the expense of Lord Clifford, confers some advantages of a mercantile character upon the town, but not enough to re-establish its well-doing. The parish church, dedicated to St. Martin, stands at the western end of the town. It was built about the middle of the thirteenth century, but is not remarkable in any way. The parishioners of Chudleigh have the right of electing their vicar, all persons being able to vote who have a freehold of 5*l.* per annum, and are rated at 1*s.* 3*d.* per rate to the poor. A grammar-school of some repute, and founded in 1668, nearly adjoins the church. The principal point of attraction in the immediate neighbourhood is Chudleigh Rock, a huge mass of limestone, rising abruptly from the midst of the wood, and presenting a bold front several hundred feet in height; on the other side of the rock is a deep glen, thickly overspread with wood, and itself overhung with other marble

precipices. Through this tangled glen an impetuous stream rushes in wild eddies, and at one point leaps in a cascade, which forms a favourite sketch for innumerable artists. The basin into which it falls has been unfortunately filled up by a mass of stones brought down by the floods this last Spring (1852), and much of the beauty of the stream is, in consequence, destroyed. The rock is almost covered with creepers and shrubs, and is broken into romantic cliffs and hollows. Wild fennel grows here luxuriantly in open spots on the summit, and midway on the cliff there is a deep cavern which popular tradition assigns to the possession of the Pixies, under the name of the Pixies' Parlour. A key must be obtained for the inspection of this cavern.

Chudleigh Rock is on the outskirts of Ugbrooke Park, the seat of Lord Clifford. It is a very beautiful demesne, about six miles in circumference, and presenting every variety of scenery,—hill and dale, wood and water, open glades and deep romantic glens, where wild ferns and

tangled brushwood bespeak the luxuriance of unkempt nature. The Park is crowded with deer, and some of the timber is of magnificent proportions; an artist could not have a better school for the study of trees, as the light falls through their branches and the clear calm lake below reflects their forms with most beautiful distinctness. The mansion itself is by no means remarkable in an architectural point of view. It contains a collection of pictures which are sometimes shown to strangers. There is also a Danish encampment in the grounds called Castle Dyke.

After leaving Ugbrooke we drive about four miles along the Exeter road to the top of the long ridge of Haldon—about eight hundred feet in altitude. The view from the summit is exceedingly fine, ranging over a great extent of the rich and fertile valley of the Exe. There are a number of ancient barrows or cairns on Haldon; in which urns and Roman coins have been found.

We now return to Chudleigh and strike across

the country to Bovey Tracey, or South Bovey, a small place consisting of a single street. The manor anciently belonged to the Traceys, barons of Barnstaple. Sir William Tracey, who took the lead in the assassination of Thomas à Becket, is said to have erected the first church here in 1170. The manor is now the property of the Earl of Devon. In January 8th, 1646, Cromwell with the van of the army of Fairfax attacked Lord Wentworth who was lying here, and totally defeated him, taking four hundred horse and seven colours, one of them the royal colours with a crown and C.R. upon it. "Cromwell's *coup de main* so astounded the Royalists, that indeed at Ashburton next day, their rearguard was driven through the town with the loss of nine men and twenty horse, which enforced the rest of their horse to flie several ways, and one hundred and twenty who escaped to Ilsington Church fled also away. The principal officers of the Royalist army at Bovey were engaged at cards, when Cromwell burst in upon them with his troopers from Crediton, and only escaped by

throwing their stakes of money out of window among the Round-heads; 'which whilst our soldiers,' says Sprigge, 'were scrambling for, they escaped out at a back door over the river, and so saved their best stakes.'"—SHORTT. *Antiquities of Devon*.

Upon an open space in the village are the shaft and steps of an ancient cross, and in the street above it a wayside monument of a similar description which is now built into a house. The church contains a coloured stone pulpit, and some curious inscriptions to the memory of Archbishop Laud and others, which were placed there by the expelled vicar Forbes, after his restoration in the reign of Charles II.

The neighbouring valley, which is called Bovey Heath Field, is the lowest land in Devonshire. In all probability it was at one time a lake, in which the detritus of decomposed granite, brought down by the rains from Dartmoor, were gradually deposited, and formed the mixed sands and clays which are now used in the manufacture of china.

The Pottery is close to the village ; it was established in 1772, and has of late been much extended, so as to be well worthy a visit. The pits from which the Bovey coal, or lignite, is procured are also close by. It is a bituminous fuel, a sort of half-made coal, which burns with a disagreeable smell, and is consequently only used in the potteries, in lime-kilns, and in the houses of the poor. Large pieces of fir trees are sometimes found entire in it.

Bovey is situated at the foot of a great ridge of hills, which is crowned toward the east, at the village of Hennock, by the Botter rock, an interesting Tor of trap, the fissures of which are lined with *byssus aurea*. A lead mine is worked near Hennock.

Heytor, our next point, is about three or four miles from Bovey Heath. The principal objects of interest are the granite quarries, and the Tor itself, which consists of two masses of rock, about one hundred yards asunder. Some steps cut in the rock lead to the summit, from whence there is

a magnificent prospect. To the east and south the eye expatiates over a rich and varied and highly cultivated country, with swelling uplands and fertile valleys and dark woods; to the north and west there is nothing but a wide expanse of barren moor, and frowning Tors,—a scene of wild and savage grandeur, but full of beauty of its own peculiar kind, and glowing often with a richness of colouring that art strives in vain to imitate.

They err much, who would restrict the idea of beauty to one phase only of that glorious creation which has been given to man for his inheritance. They have but narrow views of the Great Worker, who cannot see a fitness in all parts for the end designed, and therefore beauty,—the beauty of successful adaptation. They are but dull of hearing, to whom all voices but one are mute; to whom all chords but one are inharmonious. For the earth is full of speech, of language manifold; and all things beneath the sun do tell of Him who made, and called them “very good.” Truly the glory has been dimmed, for

Sin has darkened it: but it is still there, shorn of some beams, yet still intrinsically bright, because God-made.

CHAPTER V.

DARTMOOR.

UNDER this head we do not profess to give anything like a full and complete account of the peculiar region which we are to notice, for we have neither space nor time to do so ; our object is simply to indicate the general features of the district, with its antiquarian treasures, and to point out some of the localities which are especially deserving of inspection. For details, we refer the reader to a very valuable work, published in 1848, by the Rev. S. Rowe, entitled "A Perambulation of the Ancient and Royal Forest of Dartmoor," and we also take this opportunity of acknowledging, once for all, the great assistance we have derived from it, in drawing up this sketch.

Dartmoor,—and its adjuncts, consisting of numerous outlying tracts, of the same general features, but not included in the old bounds,—extends about twenty miles from east to west, and twenty-two from north to south, and contains more than 130,000 acres of land. “From Hey-Tor, above Ilington church-town, in a S.W. direction, the boundary takes the line of hills which overlook Ashburton. Thence, skirting the parishes of Holne, Buckfastleigh, and Brent, it proceeds to its southernmost point at the Western Beacon, and Three Burrow Tor, above Ivybridge. Thence, trending to the north-west, it crosses the rivers Erme and Yealm, passes by Cornwood, below Pen Beacon and Shell Top, then takes a westerly course in the line of the Hentor ridge, and Straugh moor, approaches its westernmost point at Meavy, and thence runs almost from south to north by Walkhampton, Sampford Spiney, west of the Tavy, to Peter Tavy, Mary Tavy, and Sourton, thence to Okehampton and Belstone, where at its northernmost point it reaches Cosdon, or

Cawsand Beacon, and returns eastward as above described."

The whole forest of Dartmoor lies within the parish of Lydford. It is an appanage of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall. It may be observed here, in passing, that the technical term "forest" must not be held as implying that the entire district was at one time covered with trees : probably there was more wood upon it originally than there is now, but all that is meant by the word is, that there was enough timber and herbage to afford food and shelter for the wild animals that ranged over it.

This large tract of land rises conspicuously above the surrounding country, as our readers will have already inferred from the frequent statement that the Dartmoor hills form the background of the scene under description. Its appearance is singularly picturesque from whatever side it may be approached. Carrington, the poet of Dartmoor, describes as one of its peculiar characteristics, the belt

"Of hills mysterious shadowy,"

which encircle it as a natural rampart, while it is moated by deep valleys which wind round its base, and are replenished by the mountain streams which flow into them from all the heights. The district comprised within this boundary, forms an elevated table-land, an irregular broken waste, spread out like the ocean heaving in long swells after a storm. Or, as a writer in Blackwood describes it, it is as if a huge mountain had been squeezed down, and in the process had split asunder, till the whole was one hilly wilderness, showing ever and anon strange, half-buried shapes, striving to uplift themselves toward the sky. The valleys run in various directions, but have a tendency, on the whole, to the north south line. The hills often rise steep, sometimes precipitously, their sides clothed with long grass, excepting where rushes or moss indicate subjacent bogs, and often strewn with loose blocks of granite, from fifty or more tons down to the size of a flagstone. A crag, called a "tor," usually projects at the summit of the hill, having a very striking appearance

of stratification, the fissures being sometimes horizontal, more commonly a little inclined. The dip is different in different hills, but seems to have a prevailing tendency towards east and south.

It will be readily imagined that a region like this, wild and rugged, and, for the most part, solitary, cannot but exercise a profound influence upon every thinking mind. "Who, with a particle of sensibility, could climb its tor-crowned steeps, traverse its rock-strewn ravines, or penetrate its trackless morasses, without an irresistible impression that every object around belongs to a period of unrecorded antiquity? And who, when thus surrounded by the silent yet eloquent memorials of the mysterious past, will not acknowledge their influence in withdrawing him from the power of the senses, and in carrying forward his thoughts to the still more mysterious future? He wanders in a desert enriched with primæval mountains, and beholds nature piling all around in fantastic and mimic masonry, huge masses of granite, as if to mock the mightiest efforts of human art. Vast

and gloomy castles appear to frown defiance from the beetling crags around. But no mortal hand ever laid their adamantine foundations, or reared their dizzy towers; nature is the engineer that fortified the heights, thousands of years ago: her's are the massive walls, her's the mighty bastions, her's the granite glacis scarped down to the roaring torrent below, her's the hand that reared those stupendous citadels which fable might have garrisoned with demigods, and beleaguered with Titans; whilst in the recumbent mass that guards the approach, imagination, with scarcely an effort, might discern an archetype of the mystic Sphynx in kindred porphyry, of proportions far more colossal, and of date far more ancient, than that which still looks forth in serene and lonely grandeur over the sands of the Memphian desert.

“There are numerous tracts of the moor, where, around the whole expanse, the eye cannot light upon a single feature that is not pristine, intact, and natural. The entire scene in spots, such as that beyond Tavy-Head, at the foot of Furtor, is

of this untamed and primæval character. Not a trace of man's presence or occupancy is to be detected. Even the half-wild cattle which range the other parts of the moor at pleasure, seem to shun the swampy steppes of the central wilderness. It is only on the spot that the graphic accuracy and poetic beauty of Carrington's descriptions can be appreciated, when, with master-hand, he sketches the characteristic features of a scene which seems to transport you in a moment from the richly-cultivated and thickly-peopled provinces of England, to some unexplored and desert tract in the remotest regions of the globe :—

“ ‘Devonia’s dreary Alps ! and now I feel
The influence of that impressive calm
That rests upon them. Nothing that has life
Is visible : no solitary flock
At wide will ranging through the silent moors,
Breaks the deep-felt monotony ; and all
Is motionless, save where the giant shades
Flung by the passing cloud, glide slowly o’er
The grey and gloomy wild.’ ”—Rowe.

And while the natural objects around thus carry back the mind to primæval times, so also do

the relics of man found there bear testimony to a profound antiquity.

They are no high-wrought works of Greece or Rome—no sculptured triumphs of Saxon or of Norman architecture—rude, and massive, and unhewn, they speak of days when the foot of the Roman invader had never touched our sea-girt isle ; of a people who had not bowed their necks to the conqueror's yoke, for the remains are manifestly druidical, and the tendency of modern investigations has been to show “that the aborigines of Britain [who reared these] sprang from the nations of the east ; that druidism, like the brahminical superstition, was but a modification of Arkite worship ; and that we must look to a period long anterior to the dispersion of the Celtic tribes for the primæval history of the British race.”—DAVIDSON, *quoted by* ROWE.

The worship of the heavenly bodies was universal among the nations of the east ; and the Baal or Bell of the Canaanites and Phœnicians was evidently the same deity whom Diodorus

describes as the object of worship in a northern island over against the Celtæ of Gaul. They had a large grove and temple of a round form there, and on Dartmoor are remains of such circular temples, while etymological vestiges of the name of this oriental deity still exist, as in Sulley or Sylleh, the old British appellation of the Scilly Isles, which signifies rocks consecrated to the sun. In the time of Cæsar the Druids sanctioned the worship of idols, but their earlier and purer practice seems to have been much more nearly allied to the Sabæan creed—the worship of the Sun under the form of fire, and abhorrence of every kind of image of the invisible God. “They also appear to have scrupulously abstained from using any tool in the construction of their temples and altars, a practice utterly unknown to the classical ancients, and which seems again to point to an eastern origin, and even to a traditionary acquaintance with the express ordinance of the Almighty, for the guidance of the Israelites in this particular (Ex. xx. 25.) But the Druids had their

hill altars and sacred groves in exact correspondence, again, with those idolatrous practices of the east, with which Holy Writ has made us familiar; and, what is worthy of remark, the favourite tree with the primitive British priesthood for this purpose was the oak, the very tree which is specified by the prophet Isaiah as connected with the worst atrocities of paganism, in the practice of his idolatrous countrymen, whom he accuses of ‘inflaming themselves with idols among the oaks (margin), slaying the children in the valleys under the cliffs of the rocks.’—Is. lvii. 5. The Druids, like the Chaldeans, cultivated the science of astronomy (doubtless in connection with astrology), and were great observers of the motions of the heavenly bodies. But the most remarkable point of similarity is the belief in the transmigration of souls, which the Druids are believed to have held in common with the Gymnosophists of antient India. Taliessin, the Welsh bard, affirms that he had experienced in his own person the changes of the metempsychosis,—‘I have died, I have revived—

a second time was I formed, I have been a blue salmon; I have been a dog; I have been a stag; I have been a roebuck on the mountains; I have been a cock; I have been Aedd; returning to my former state, I am now Taliesin! '—Rowe.

All these facts seem to indicate that an aboriginal people, whose manners and religion speak of an Asiatic origin, occupied, in remote times, the south-western peninsula of England, a region known to the Romans by the name of Danmonium or Dunmonium, and included with the Scilly Isles by the Greeks, under the general term, Cassiterides.

The Druidical remains on Dartmoor consist of Sacred Circles, Stone Avenues, Rock Idols, Logan Stones, Rock Basins, Cromlechs, Kistvaens, Barrows and Cairns, Rock Pillars, Huts, Circumvallations, Rock-ways, Rock-lines, Bridges, and Forts, a goodly list, not easily matched in any other parts of the country. We shall glance slightly at each of these.

1. **Sacred Circles, or Circular Temples.**—These are among the most conspicuous of the moor antiquities, though none of them approach in extent the celebrated Stonehenge. These temples, like all of a druidical character, are hypæthral, that is, perfectly open to the sky; they are more or less circular in form; of various dimensions; and constructed of granite blocks of irregular shape, and by no means uniform in size. The blocks are fixed perpendicularly in the earth at variable intervals. In height they range from seven feet and a half to eighteen inches. The circumference varies from thirty-six feet to three hundred and sixty, as at the Grey Wethers, below Sittaford Tor, which is believed to be the largest in Devonshire.

There is sometimes a Cairn or Kistvaen within the enclosure. Sometimes, as at Merivale and Longstone, the circle is connected with avenues. At Grey Wethers there are two circles, whose circumferences almost touch each other, and one example has been found of two concentric circles.

The finest specimen in Devonshire is the one on Gidleigh Common.

2. Stone Avenue, or Parallelithon.—These relics occur either singly or in pairs, and most commonly in connection with the columnar sacred inclosure. They are straight on the plain, and never serpentine, one example only being slightly curvilinear. The stones are from two to four feet high, and are placed at irregular distances, but generally about three feet and a half apart. The terminating blocks are in most cases larger than the others, and the width of the avenue is about four feet and a half. Their general direction appears to be from the sacred circles to some neighbouring stream.

3. Rock Idols.—There are numerous examples of these on Dartmoor, but it is more than doubtful whether they were ever objects of adoration.

4. Logan Stone.—Of this very important and characteristic feature in the mystic apparatus of Druidism, there are only one or two specimens in Devonshire, and even these have almost, if not

entirely, lost the quality of logging, or rocking, which gave them their celebrity. One of these is at Drewsteignton, another near Rippon Tor.

5. Rock Basin.—These relics, the nature and use of which have been keenly disputed by antiquaries, are observed in various parts of Dartmoor, with the following characteristics. “Situation—commonly on the highest spot of the loftiest pile of the Tor, very often near the edge of the block in which they are hollowed—in many instances, with a lip, or channel, to convey the water from the basin,—bottom, flat,—sides, perpendicular,—depth, from four to eight inches,—form, for the most part circular, and varying in diameter from one foot to three.”

6. Cromlech.—This is, perhaps, the most curious relic of our aboriginal ancestors. It consists, generally, of three wide unwrought stones, fixed perpendicularly in the ground, and supporting a fourth, denominated a quoit, of an irregular tabular form; as a canopy, usually at the height of several feet from the ground. Sometimes the

supporting stones are more numerous ; the Trevethy Cromlech, in Cornwall, has seven. The design of these erections has been much controverted. Some imagine that they served the purpose of altars : others believe them to have formed sanctuaries or sacred cells ; while others imagine them to be sepulchral monuments. This last opinion is probably the most near the truth, though it is impossible to speak decisively.

The most interesting specimen in Devonshire, and indeed one of the very finest in the kingdom, is in the neighbourhood of Drewsteignton. It is popularly known by the name of the "Spinsters' Rock," the origin of which appellation is thus given by Chapple. "The common saying is, that it was erected by three spinsters one morning before breakfast. These spinsters (though the appellation among lawyers is peculiar to maiden women, but seems to be originally derived from the common employment of young girls in former ages) the inhabitants represent as having been not only spinsters in the former sense but also

spinners by occupation. For, according to their account, they did it after finishing their usual work, and going home with their pad, as the phrase here is, that is, carrying home their pad of yarn to the yarn-jobber, to be paid for spinning it. And on their return, observing such heavy materials unapplied to any use, and being strong wenches, (giantesses we may presume, such as Gulliver's Glumdalclitch, or the Blowzes of Patagonia), as an evidence of their strength and industry, and to shame the men who, either from weakness or laziness, had desisted from the attempt, they jointly undertook this task, and raised the unwieldy stones to the height and position in which they still remain. This is the tale, which they say has been handed down to them from generation to generation." The superincumbent quoit of this Cromlech is computed to contain nearly two hundred and sixteen cubic feet of granite, and to weigh sixteen tons:—a tolerable mass for the fair arms of the soft sex to lift!

Mr. Rowe suggests that probably under this

legend we may detect a reference to the terrible Valkyriur, the Fatal Sisters, of Northern mythology: or, (for it appears that the legend varies, and that the workers according to some accounts were of the male sex), we may, with Polwhele, find in it a relic of Arkite worship. For, as that writer observes, "the tradition goes further, and says that not only the three pillars were erected in memory of the three young ones, but that the flat stone which covers them was placed there in memory of their father or mother, according as you supposed the young ones to be male or female, and that each of these, both young and old, fetched these stones down from the highest parts of the mountain of Dartmoor, where, for some reason or other, they had thought fit to take up their residence. Perhaps the expression *Lle Y'spinnur*, which the author seems to think a spying, or surveying place, might give rise to the idea of spinners, and thus turn them into three ladies. But you will, perhaps, guess why I incline to suppose these stones might be erected

among other reasons, in memory of an old man and his three sons, who descended from an exceeding high mountain, on a certain occasion."

This hypothesis is supported by the near vicinity of Bradford, or Bradmere Pool, an artificial reservoir, on one side of which is an elliptical mound, for such sheets of water, or dubs, in immediate connection with artificial mounds, were essential ingredients in the Arkite worship.

7. Kistvaen.—The Kistvaen, Cistvaen, or Stone Chest, is composed of several stones set upright with a large one incumbent, thus forming a stone coffin or chest, in which the ashes or bones of the deceased were deposited. There are many of these in Dartmoor.

8. Barrow and Cairn.—The Barrow or Tumulus, as it is well known, was a mound of earth heaped over the place of sepulture. Some Cairns are of a similar nature, stones being used instead of earth; but others do not appear to have had any connection with the dead, but were merely

monuments to commemorate particular events. They are numerous throughout Dartmoor.

9. Rock Pillar.—This also was a commemorative monument. There are several specimens on the moor, one very striking one being near Merivale Bridge, on the Walkham, in the western quarter; this is a shaft of unwrought granite, tapering in form, twelve feet high, and eight in girth at the base.

10. Huts or Dwellings.—These are very interesting, as being undoubted relics of the rude habitations of the ancient inhabitants; they are most numerous along the declivities, on the skirts of the moor, and in the interior, on the hill sides which slope down to the water. They are all similar in design, being of a circular form, and consisting of granite blocks, set firmly in the ground on their edge, and placed closely together (instead of at wide intervals, as in the sacred circle), so as to form a secure foundation for the superstructure, whether it was constructed of stone or turf, wattle, or other material. Only one

example has been found in which more than this circular foundation has survived the ravages of time. In this single specimen the upper part only has fallen in. It appears to have been shaped like a bee-hive, the wall being formed of large stones, which seem to have been chosen with care, for the purpose of forming the widely-arched roof, and which evidently had their interstices filled up with smaller stones, and probably turf. They vary in diameter from twelve to thirty feet.

Frequently several of these circles are congregated together, and surrounded by a

11. Circumvallation.—A low wall of stones piled rudely together in a ridge-like form, on a belt of huge granite blocks placed erect in the ground. These inclosures, which were manifestly intended for the purposes of defence, are usually circular, but some elliptical. The finest specimen is Grimspound, on the N. W. slope of Hamildon, on the borders of the parishes of Manaton, North Bovey, and Widdecombe. The wall or mound is formed of moorstone blocks, rudely piled up, but

so large as not to be easily displaced. The base of this rampart covers, in some parts, a surface of twenty feet in breadth, and the average height is six feet. It surrounds an area of about four acres. A spring, rising on the eastern side, and skilfully conducted for some distance below the wall, supplied the inhabitants with pure water.

12. Trackways or Roads.—These are constructed of stones, irregularly laid down, and forming a rude but efficient causeway, the general breadth of which is about five or six feet, but in one example near Three Barrow Tor, fifteen feet. The most extensive trackway is one which is supposed to traverse the forest in a line, bearing east and west, from Hamildon to Great Mistor. It is regarded as the equator of the moorland region, all above it being considered the north, all below it the south country. It may be observed in high preservation coming down the northern slope of Chittaford, down towards the banks of the East Dart.

These trackways have no characteristic which

would lead to the inference that they were constructed during the Roman period of British history, nor have they any analogy with more modern works.

13. Track-lines, or Boundary Banks, are of very frequent occurrence. The most striking specimen is on the south-eastern slope of Torhill, near the road from Ashburton to Moreton, below Rippon Tor. The track-lines here intersect each other in such numbers that the whole hill-side is partitioned into squares, conveying a lively idea of an aboriginal rural settlement, as there are remains of many ancient habitations in the inclosures.

14. Bridges.—These are of very simple, but durable construction. The piers are formed of huge slabs of granite, laid one upon another: the top, of massive imposts of a tabular form, laid horizontally from pier to pier. A very interesting and characteristic specimen will be found near Post Bridge, on the Tavistock and Moreton Road. "The piers are three, and these with the abutments form four sufficient openings for the waterway.

The construction, though rude, is of the most durable kind. No structure of ordinary stability could have withstood the fury of the vehement Dart in his most turbulent moods, for twenty or thirty centuries. The piers consist of six layers of granite slabs above the foundation. The superincumbent stones are singularly adapted for the purpose to which they are applied. The centre opening is narrower than the side openings; the imposts here were two, one of these by accident or design has been displaced, and lies in the bed of the river. These stones in general are about fifteen feet long, and six wide, and thus a roadway was made over which even the scythed chariot of the Danmonian warrior might pass the river in safety.”—Rowe.

15. Forts and Entrenchments.—Prestonbury on the Teign, near Drewsteignton, and Hembury on the Dart, near Buckfastleigh, are both characteristic specimens of Celtic hill forts. We transcribe Mr. Rowe’s description of the first of these. “This characteristic specimen of the

primitive fortifications of the Danmonian highlands occupies the extreme point of a ridge-like hill which forms the northern bank of the Teign, to the extent of about a mile between Fingle and Clifford Bridges. Immediately above the former, it rises from the brink of the river in the form of a bald headland, fully commanding the low ground beneath, from its precipitous character. The hollow between Prestonbury, and the acclivity which rises towards Drewsteignton Church, has evidently the appearance of a pass from the champaign country to the uplands by the ford, which, doubtless, existed before the erection of the oldest bridge, at, or near, where the picturesque arches of Fingle now span the rapid current of the Teign. Thus situated, Prestonbury was admirably calculated for a watchtower as well as a fortress; and the strength of the entrenchment seems to indicate the importance attached to the position. The extremity of this inland promontory is the highest ground of the ridge, which on the south side is scarped down by nature in a precipitous rocky glacis to

the river's brink. Nature having therefore so amply provided for the security of the fortress on this side, less was demanded from the resources of art, so that a rampart without any ditch, rising immediately from the precipice, was evidently thought sufficient. But on the north, where there is a much gentler declivity landwards, the rampart is of a far more formidable appearance, forming an entrenchment, in some parts eight yards in height. The circumference of the circumvallation, taken along the crest of the vallum, is 520 yards; and this part of the entrenchment, which may be considered as a kind of keep, was defended by two parallel outworks, constructed on the ridge of the hill. The ground declines slightly from the eastern side of the keep; and at 60 yards distance the first of the outworks occur—a rampart and a ditch crossing the ridge saddle-wise, and dying away in the precipice on the south. The next entrenchment is thrown up at the distance of 120 yards; here the vallum is loftier, and the fosse deeper. Beyond this line of entrenchment the ground rises, till at

the distance of about a furlong east of the keep, or principal work, it is lofty enough to command the fortified portion of the hill already described. At this point, therefore, we find fortifications erected to guard the approaches, where the ridge gradually slopes eastward, and where easy access might be otherwise obtained by the enemy. But when the whole of the neck of land was thus fortified, ample means were afforded for preventing surprise, and for maintaining a protracted defence if necessary."

In this sketch of the Druidical antiquities of Dartmoor, we have already indicated many of the localities deserving of the tourist's notice, and it merely now remains for us to give some general idea of the method which may be pursued in visiting what is most worth seeing; for, as we said at the commencement, we can make no pretensions to describe a region so filled with objects of interest.

The pleasant little town of Chagford forms a good central point, from which the first start may

be made. It is itself a primitive-looking place, and has many of the charms of old-world ways and notions; for modern changes, whether in dress, or manners, or modes of conveyance, make but slow progress there. The roads in the neighbourhood are scarcely passable by carriages with springs, and the tourist must therefore either depend upon his own legs, or mount a moorland poney. In either of these ways he may visit the columnar circle in Scorhill Down, the Tolmen or Holed stone,—in the north region; the stone avenues, with the Longstone Maen, the Round Pound near Castor Rock, hut-circles on Teigncombe Down, the rock-basins on Middleton, and the Puckie-stone, as well as those near Sandy Park, the Drewsteignton cromlech, the Logan stone in the Teign, near Whiddon Park, Cranbrook Castle on the heights immediately above, Prestonbury, Fingle Bridge, where the scenery is peculiarly attractive; the Grey Wethers circle, the circle in Fenworthy-new-take, the pound on Shelston Hill, Cranmere pool, and the top of Cosdon, long supposed to be the

highest point in Devonshire, though the Ordnance surveys have now transferred that honour to Yestor, about eight miles west.

Moreton will form another good starting-point. From it we may visit the relics on Mardon Down, Wooston Castle, a very curious and interesting specimen of ancient castrametation — Clifford Bridge, Dunsford Bridge, Blackystone, Heltor, Skattor, remarkable for its curious formation, the south front being graduated into a series of rude steps or seats, leading to a broad platform, on which is placed a mass of rock, with a smaller one at the side, as if it might have been a work of art; Lustleigh Cleave, a genuine moorland clatter or wilderness of loose granite blocks; Bottor Rock, overlooking the vale of Bovey; Becky-fall, a considerable cascade on the Hayne, a branch of the Bovey; or West Teign, Manaton, with the Rock idol, called Bowerman's Nose, in its neighbourhood; Houndtor and the Kistvaen near it; King's Oven, Challacombe Down, Grimspound, with its remarkable fortified village already described; Hamildon

Beacon, Widdicombe, with the church of which a fearful story of a thunderstorm is connected, and Rippon Tor, with the Logan rock, popularly called the Nutcrackers.

From this, instead of returning to Moreton, we may pursue the high road to Ashburton, as our next resting-place. From this place, besides Holne Chase, &c., which we have already described, we may visit Spitchwick, the seat of the late Lord Ashburton, Yartor and Sharptor, Dartmeet, the confluence of the east and west Dart, Saddle Bridge, with the interesting rectangular enclosure of Cyclopean architecture near it, Cumsdon Tor, Holne Church town, Henbury Castle, and Buckfastleigh.

Leaving Buckfastleigh, we visit the vale of Dean Burn, remarkable for the union of the terrible and the graceful in its scenery. We then strike across the country by an old road, called Abbot's Way, to the banks of the Avon, which we follow on to Shipley Bridge. Here we diverge to Three Barrow Tor, thence to Coryndon Ball

Brent Beacon, South Brent, Butterson Hill, Western Beacon, the view from which, being the southernmost point of the Devonshire moorlands, is most extensive and varied, and Ivybridge, a place of much resort.

From Ivybridge we pass up the river Erme to Harford Bridge, near which is a Kistvaen in tolerable preservation; Sharptor, Erme Pound, and Redlake, Plym Head, about a quarter of a mile from which, in Langcombe Bottom, is a singularly perfect Kistvaen; Pen Beacon, Torch Moor, Trowstworthy Warren, where there is a Sacred Circle and Avenue, the valley of the Cad, Shaugh bridge and hamlet, and the two Plymptons—St. Mary and Earl.

From Plympton St. Mary we traverse the line of the Plymouth and Dartmoor Railway through the beautiful scenery of Bickleigh Vale, to Hoo Meavy Bridge, and thence to Sheepstor, with its cave or pisky house, Eylesburrow, Siward's Cross, Clacy Well or Crazy Well Pool, Black Tor, with its rock basin, and two parallel avenues in the glen

below, and Prince Town, or Two Bridges, either of which may form a resting-place, and a centre for future excursions.

From Prince Town we may visit Crockern Tor, renowned as the seat of the Stannary parliaments, Dennabridge Pound, on the Ashburton road, Bellevor Tor, Lakehead Hill, with its aboriginal relics, Post Bridge on the east Dart, already described, and Wistman's wood, one of the most singular curiosities of Dartmoor. It is thus described by Carrington:—

How heavily

That old wood sleeps in the sunshine;—not a leaf
Is twinkling, not a wing is seen to move
Within it; but, below, a mountain stream,
Conflicting with the rocks, is ever heard,
Cheering the drowsy noon.

Of this grove,

This pigmy grove, not one has climb'd the air
So emulously that its loftiest branch
May brush the traveller's brow. The twisted roots
Have clasp'd, in search of nourishment, the rocks,
And straggled wide, and pierced the stony soil:—
In vain, denied maternal succour, here
A dwarfish race has risen. Round the boughs
Hoary and feeble, and around the trunks,
With grasp destructive, feeding on the life

That lingers yet, the ivy winds, and moss
Of growth enormous. E'en the dull vile weed
Has fix'd itself upon the very crown
Of many an ancient oak ; and thus, refused
By nature kindly aid,—dishonour'd—old—
Dreary in aspect,—silently decays
The lonely wood of Wistman.

It has a bad name, too, as a favorite resort of adders, so that caution is necessary in exploring it. At Prince Town also the tourist should visit the celebrated Dartmoor prison, erected in 1809 at a cost of 127,000*l.*, for the accommodation of French prisoners of war, and since used as a prison for convicts.

Leaving Two Bridges again to advance in a northerly direction, the first object of interest to be visited is Fice's Well, or Fitze's as it probably should be written, of which Mr. Bray narrates the following legend: "John Fitz, the astrologer, and his lady, were once pixy led, whilst riding in Dartmoor. After long wandering in the vain effort to find the right path, they felt so fatigued and thirsty, that it was with extreme delight they discovered a spring of water, whose powers seemed

to be miraculous, for no sooner had they satisfied their thirst than they were enabled to find their way through the moor towards home without the least difficulty. In gratitude for this deliverance, and the benefit they had received from the water, old John Fitz caused the stone memorial in question, bearing the date of the year, to be placed over the spring, for the advantage of all pixy-led travellers. It is still considered to possess many healing virtues."

After this we inspect the remains at Merivale, especially noticing the stone avenues, Great Mistor or Mistor Pan, the Steeple Tors, Vixen Tor; the Vale of Walkham, Pewtor, considered to have been a Druidical court of judicature, and Tavistock: in the neighbourhood of which place there are many objects of interest, while the scenery is of the most attractive description. From Tavistock we proceed by Petertavy, Marytavy, Lydford, Sourton, and Yestor, the highest point of Devonshire, being 2050 ft. above the sea level, to Okehampton; and thence, by Belstone,

and other noticeable places, to Cosdon, which we have already visited. And thus concludes our perambulation of Dartmoor.

CHAPTER VI.

CLIMATE.

THE reputation of Torquay depends mainly upon its climate ; for, beautiful as we have shown the neighbourhood to be, it would not be chosen as the residence of invalids, more especially of those who are the subjects of pulmonary affections, had not experience proved that the air, and the temperature, and the other agencies which make up that condition to which we apply the complex term ‘climate,’ were suitable to such cases. And yet, though this fact has been abundantly evidenced, and though hundreds can tell of the benefit they have derived from a sojourn here, it is remarkable how many erroneous opinions on the subject still prevail. “Every body,” says Dr. Granville, in his ‘Spas of England,’ “knows that

it rains a very great deal in Devonshire, and certainly not less at Torquay than in other parts of the coast of that country." Others, less sweeping and more cautious in their statements, and speaking with some degree of local knowledge, still persist in affirming that humidity and relaxing qualities are the main characteristics. And even so high and usually accurate an authority as Sir James Clark, perhaps ignorant of tables which contradict him, holds still by his old statements, and speaks of invalids being sent to Clifton to be braced, after residing for some time in Torquay.

It is high time that mistakes of this kind should be rectified, and we shall, therefore, as far as in us lies, do our best to place the question in its true light, basing our statements solely on data which cannot be controverted; *i. e.* on the results of accurate meteorological observations, made by a most competent observer (E. Vivian, Esq.) and with instruments on whose accuracy every reliance can be placed, for they have been regulated by the standards at Greenwich.

Our authorities for the following statements are,—a lecture delivered by Mr. Vivian in 1846, and subsequently published; the Meteorological Register, kept by the same gentleman, and regularly published in Cockrem's Directory; Sir James Clark's work on Climate; the reports of the Registrar General; Dr. Shapter's 'Climate of Devon;' and the observations taken at the Bristol Institution.

The first two tables show the mean temperature at Torquay, and various other places—and the mean extreme range of temperature.

MEAN TEMPERATURE.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay, (Woodfield) .	52.1	44.0	50.0	61.2	53.1
Cove	51.9	44.1	50.1	61.3	52.0
Penzance . . .	51.8	44.0	49.6	60.2	53.3
Undercliff . . .	51.3	41.8	49.6	60.6	53.5
Clifton	51.2	39.9	49.7	63.8	51.4
Exeter	51.2	41.4	49.5	62.0	51.9
Hastings	50.4	39.0	47.4	61.7	52.2
London	50.3	39.1	48.7	62.3	51.3
Sidmouth	50.1	40.3	48.1	60.2	51.6
Chiswick	49.9	38.6	48.5	62.2	50.1
Newport (Isle of Wight)	49.7	38.5	48.1	61.1	50.6
Nice	51.4	47.8	56.2	72.2	61.6
Rome	„	46.8	„	„	„
Madeira	64.9	60.6	62.3	69.5	67.3

MEAN EXTREME RANGE OF TEMPERATURE.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay, (Woodfield) .	51	29	42	30	38
Cove	48	26	39	34	32
Penzance . . .	49	27	33	27	32
Undercliff . . .	57	29	43	35	42
Clifton	59	33	44	30	46
Exeter	59	29	43	36	43
Hastings	61	33	44	39	41
London	64	32	46	48	48
Sidmouth	57	31	43	35	43
Chiswick	67	38	54	44	53
Newport	59	31	48	41	52
Nice	60	32	36	29	39
Rome	62	31	43	31	46
Madeira	31	21	22	24	25

The next table shows the mean daily range of temperature during one year; and is thus illustrative of a very essential element of climate, when considered in reference to its eligibility as a residence for invalids.

MEAN DAILY RANGE OF TEMPERATURE AT TORQUAY, 1847.

January	6.9	} Mean=8.23
February	8.3	
March	9.5	
April	11.1	} Mean=12.83
May	12.8	
June	14.6	

July	15.5	} Mean=13.16
August	12.8	
September	11.2	
October	7.6	} Mean=7.33
November	7.7	
December	6.7	

From this it appears, that the mean daily range of temperature, during the first three months of the year, was 8.23 ; if we compare the numbers given in the second division of Sir James Clark's third table, we find that, during corresponding months, the range at Undercliff is 9.02, at Hastings, 9.00, at Naples, 10.00, and at Rome, 11.00.

In the following table we have the temperature of Torquay compared with the average of all England during four years—

	Highest Extreme.	Lowest Extreme.	Mean Temp.	Range of Temp.
1847.				
Torquay	80°	31°	—	49°
Average of England	82	26	—	56
Extreme of ditto .	98	14	—	84

1848.				
Torquay	75	26	51.2	49
Average of England	82	16	48.5	66
Extreme of ditto .	95	4	—	91

	Highest Extreme.	Lowest Extreme.	Mean Temp.	Range of Temp.
1849.				
Torquay . . .	75	26	52.0	49
Average of England	82	20	49.0	62
Extreme of ditto .	91	10	—	81
1850.				
Torquay . . .	77	27	—	50
Average of England	81	18	—	63
Extreme of ditto .	89	10	—	79

The favorable position which Torquay holds both as regards warmth in winter, and coolness in summer, is here very apparent. The quarterly returns of the Registrar General for 1851, tell precisely the same tale. They give the comparison of Torquay with forty places in Great Britain, and Guernsey and Jersey. We give the general results, as the whole lists would occupy so much space.

QUARTER ENDING MARCH, 31, 1851.

	Mean Temp.	Highest Extreme.	Lowest Extreme.	Mean Daily Range.	Quarterly Range.
Average of England	42.3	57	26	11.1	31.1
Torquay . . .	45.7	57	32	8.3	26.0
Difference in favour of Torquay . . }	3.4	0	6	2.8	5.1

QUARTER ENDING JUNE 30th, 1851.

	Mean Temp.	Highest Extreme.	Lowest Extreme	Mean Daily Range.	Quarterly Range.
Average of England	51.3	83	30	17.5	53
Torquay . . .	53.4	75	36	16.3	39
Difference . . .	2.1	8	6	3.9	14

QUARTER ENDING SEPTEMBER 30, 1851.

Average of England	58.3	80	37	16.3	43
Torquay . . .	59.8	75	45	12.6	30
Difference . . .	1.5	5	8	3.7	13

QUARTER ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1851.

Average of England	43.9	67.0	24.3	11.0	42.7
Torquay . . .	47.1	67.0	32.0	8.5	35.0
Difference . . .	3.2	00.0	7.7	2.5	7.7

These tables also demonstrate very clearly the equability of the climate of Torquay.

We proceed now to enquire into the state of the atmosphere as regards its humidity, and to this point we especially invite attention, because the general impression regarding Torquay is here most particularly erroneous.

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DAYS UPON WHICH RAIN FALLS.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay. . .	132	35	30	32	35
Cove. . . .	131	37	29	30	35
Penzance . .	178	50	40	39	48
Undercliff . .	146	39	32	33	42
Clifton . . .	169	45	36	41	45
Exeter . . .	162	42	36	41	41
Hastings . . .	153	39	31	33	49
London . . .	178	48	43	44	43
Sidmouth . .	141	40	33	32	35
Newport . . .	185	49	45	42	49
Grassmere . .	196	56	39	47	57
Rome	117	35	30	17	34
Madeira. . .	70	23	18	6	22

QUANTITY OF RAIN IN INCHES.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay . .	28.20	6.82	5.61	6.38	9.39
Cove. . . .	33.25	10.54	4.05	7.05	11.92
Penzance . .	44.66	12.64	9.35	9.34	13.33
Undercliff. .	23.48	4.65	4.06	4.29	9.48
Clifton . . .	32.56	8.43	5.69	9.44	9.00
Exeter . . .	31.90	9.10	6.55	7.10	9.20
Hastings . .	32.81	7.59	5.80	6.40	13.02
London . . .	24.80	5.85	4.80	6.67	7.43
Sidmouth . .	22.68	5.29	5.57	5.66	7.46
Chiswick . .	24.04	4.66	4.58	6.79	8.01
Newport . .	33.60	7.87	6.45	6.43	12.90
Grassmere. .	121.00	40.88	18.66	21.28	40.04
Nice	26.81	7.30	6.64	2.75	10.12
Rome	31.11	9.49	6.29	4.16	11.17
Madeira. . .	29.23	11.40	5.77	1.45	10.61

AVERAGE NUMBER OF DAYS UPON WHICH RAIN FALLS.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay .	132	35	30	32	35
Average of other places }	160	43	36	37	43
Difference in favour of }	28	8	6	5	8
Torquay .					

QUANTITY OF RAIN IN INCHES.

	Annual.	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.
Torquay .	28.20	6.82	5.61	6.38	9.39
Average of other places }	30.37	7.66	5.69	6.92	10.17
Difference in favour of }	2.17	0.84	0.08	0.54	0.78
Torquay .					

Grassmere is not included in this average, the fall of rain in the Lake districts being so excessive.

Sir James Clark, in speaking of Clifton, states that "the fall of rain is absolutely less here than in Devonshire and Cornwall, and much the same as on the south coast. The result of ten years' observation at the Bristol Philosophical Institution is 32 inches for the year." The above tables of themselves overthrow this statement, for the

average annual fall of rain at Torquay is 28·20 inches; and we have additional evidence to the same effect, as the subjoined will show.

“The following table is compiled from observations taken at the Bristol Institution and at Woodfield, Torquay, during the years 1842—3—4—5, and at Exeter, from 1832 to 1836, as given by Dr. Shapter in his climate of Devon:—

TORQUAY.

	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Annual.
Temperature .	43.5	55.4	59.9	49.5	52.7
Dew-point .	39.4	47.4	53.6	45.3	45.9
Difference ..	4.1	8.0	6.3	4.2	6.8

BRISTOL.

	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Annual.
Temperature .	41.3	56.8	62.4	47.6	52.2
Dew-point .	38.7	51.5	57.7	46.5	48.6
Difference .	2.6	5.3	4.7	1.1	3.6

EXETER.

	Winter.	Spring.	Summer.	Autumn.	Annual.
Temperature .	41.0	54.8	60.8	45.8	50.6
Dew-point .	38.6	48.0	53.6	43.5	45.9
Difference .	2.4	6.8	7.2	2.3	4.7

“By this statement Torquay is sensibly drier than Clifton by 1.6 degrees in summer and absolutely drier by 4.1 degrees, whilst it is cooler as regards the mean temperature by 2.5 degrees in summer, and much more so at the extremes, if we may judge from Bath which was 94 degrees whilst Torquay was only 80 during the past quarter,” i.e., the summer of 1846. Further experience has only tended to increase the confidence with which we appeal to these facts, and for the proof of this we quote from a recent published letter of Mr. Vivian, which we submit is absolutely conclusive and incontrovertible. After referring to the observations which we have already given, he says, “Having recently had an opportunity of confirming these statements by testing the instruments at the Bristol Institution, and making a similar comparison for the past year; as also of ascertaining, in some measure, the relation in regard to humidity which the higher parts of Clifton bear to Park Street, in which the Institution is situated, I can add the following results :

HIGHEST EXTREME TEMPERATURE.

1851.	Jan.	Feb.	March.	April.	May.	June.	July.	August.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual.
Torquay . .	57	53	58	63	73	75	75	75	75	67	59	56	75
Bristol . .	60	55	60	64	76	89	79	80	78	69	54	60	89
Clifton . .	50	50	48	„	„	85	„	75	72	65	47	53	85

LOWEST EXTREME TEMPERATURE.

Torquay . .	37	32	34	36	40	46	50	48	45	40	32	32	32
Bristol . .	37	32	33	37	38	45	50	46	43	39	28	31	28
Clifton . .	32	30	30	„	„	44	„	44	41	35	26	28	26

MEAN TEMPERATURE AT 9 A.M.

Torquay . .	46	44	46	48	54	61	62	64	67	55	41	44	52
Bristol . .	45	42	48	49	57	64	65	67	59	54	40	40	52

MEAN DEW-POINT AT 9 A.M.

Torquay . .	43	39	41	41	46	52	51	55	48	49	36	39	45
Bristol . .	42	37	41	42	48	57	57	59	52	48	37	37	47

GRAINS OF VAPOUR IN A CUBIC FOOT OF AIR AT 9 A.M.

Torquay . .	3.5	3.0	3.2	3.2	3.7	4.5	4.4	5.0	4.0	4.2	2.7	3.0	3.7
Bristol . .	3.4	2.8	3.2	3.3	4.0	5.3	5.2	5.6	4.5	4.0	2.9	2.9	3.9

ADDITIONAL GRAINS OF VAPOUR REQUIRED TO SATURATE A CUBIC FOOT OF AIR.

Torquay . .	0.3	0.5	0.5	0.8	1.2	1.5	1.8	1.6	1.3	0.8	0.4	0.5	0.9
Bristol . .	0.2	0.5	0.9	0.8	1.3	1.3	1.6	1.7	1.2	0.9	0.2	0.2	0.9

NUMBER OF DAYS UPON WHICH RAIN FELL.

Torquay . .	24	9	19	14	10	12	14	9	5	12	10	10	148
Bristol . .	25	14	24	8	13	13	16	11	5	18	13	10	170
Goodamoor .	29	10	26	15	14	13	17	15	7	24	20	14	204

QUANTITY OF RAIN IN INCHES.

Torquay . .	6.1	1.0	4.3	2.4	0.8	1.3	2.3	2.9	0.8	2.4	1.8	1.6	27.8
Bristol . .	4.9	1.7	5.1	0.9	1.2	2.7	1.9	2.9	0.5	4.5	1.0	2.3	29.6
Plymouth .	9.5	2.6	8.7	2.5	1.9	2.4	3.9	4.5	1.2	5.2	2.2	3.2	47.8
Goodamoor .	9.9	1.9	9.3	2.7	2.7	3.3	5.0	3.8	2.1	4.7	2.5	4.6	52.5

“ In calculating the preceding tables a correction of 1° has been added to the wet and dry bulb Thermometers, from which the hygrometrical observations are taken at Bristol, and 4° to the maximum and minimum thermometers, by which the extremes of temperature are registered, in order to reduce them to the standard of Daniel’s hygrometer, by Newman, which appears to be the only correct instrument at the Institution. The Thermometer by which the 9 A.M. temperature is registered is also incorrect, being 4° too high at 90° , although correct at 50° , so that it is probably 2° too low at 30° , the range of the tube being too great for the scale. By the practice of taking the 9 A.M. temperature from this latter instrument, and the Dew-point from the wet and dry bulb Thermometer above referred to, the result as entered in the books of the Institution is most erroneous, and represents the atmosphere of Bristol as containing about 10 per cent. less vapour than it really does, whilst the error in the self-registering Thermometers reduced the maximum temperature

last year as much as 4 degrees. The instruments are quite unworthy of that important Institution and the great care bestowed upon the observations by the Curator. An addition of one-seventh has also been made to the days of rain as recorded at the Bristol Institution, in consequence of no entry being made on Sundays; a still further allowance might justly have been made, as those days only are included on which a sufficient amount falls to be measured in the rain-gauge, and as this instrument is placed on the parapet of the building, a slight shower would not be sufficient to wet the great length of pipe, so as to be registered on the ground-floor. From the position of the funnel the eddying wind also prevents so large an amount from entering, as if it were placed near the ground as at Torquay. This difference, in several similar experiments, has been found to amount to as much as from 10 to 20 per cent.

“It appears from these tables that in the year 1851, the mean annual amount of vapour in a cubic foot of air at the Bristol Institution, which

is situated in Park Street, between College Green and Clifton, was 3.9 grains, whilst at Woodfield, Torquay, it was 3.7, the additional amounts of vapour required to produce saturation being at each place precisely the same. The mean annual climate of the two localities, in this respect, therefore, seems to be nearly alike, but if we analyse the tables we shall find that in summer (July) the air of Torquay is actually drier than that of Bristol in the proportion of 4.4 to 5.2. The sensible humidity of the air, as indicated by the additional amount of vapour required to produce saturation, is also less in Torquay, especially in summer. The month of March being the principal exception throughout the year.

“The quotations at Clifton in these tables are from a register which was kept at No. 1, West Mall, during a great portion of the year, and probably contain the highest and lowest extremes of temperature in 1851; they at all events show that Torquay was at least 10° cooler than Clifton last summer, and 6° warmer in the winter.

“I could not discover that any accurate observation in regard to the humidity of the air had been taken in the higher parts of Clifton; one gentleman had commenced the use of the wet and dry bulb Thermometer, but happily the reservoir was broken by frost, as I found on examining them when dry that there was an error in the scale which would have given Clifton an undue advantage of 6° in the Dew-point. The only data upon which I can make a comparison are the observations which I made during a few days at No. 6, Lansdown Place, Clifton (from the 15th to the 19th inst.), which were carefully compared with the register on the same day and hour, 9 a.m., at the Bristol Institution; the mean of these showed that the humidity was greater in Clifton in the following proportion,—Clifton, dry bulb, 57.0, wet, 55.5; Bristol Institution, dry, 58.5, wet 55.7,—showing according to Mr. Glaisher's tables, an excess, in regard to the actual humidity at Clifton, of nearly three-tenths of a grain of vapour, and a sensible humidity

nearly double that at the Bristol Institution. The comparison between Torquay and Clifton, will, therefore, be still more favourable to the former, than that with the Bristol Institution, as given above.

“How far the change of air from Torquay to Clifton at this season of the year, so frequently recommended by high medical authority, is productive of good, can be determined only by experience, but it appears certain that the benefit, if any, cannot arise from a more bracing air, unless heat and humidity constitute that quality. Probably the remark, as old I believe as Celsus, may be true, that no air is so injurious to an invalid as that in which he became ill;—possibly it may be explained on electrical principles, the ordinary refuge of a philosopher in difficulties, or perhaps Ozone or Odyle may afford a solution, but it is clear that, on ordinary meteorological principles, the summer climate of Torquay is decidedly superior even to that of Clifton, which Dr. Chisholm describes as ‘elastic, vivifying, not humid,’ and which Sir James Clark, in

defiance of the tables in his last edition, still calls 'the mildest and driest climate in the West of England.'

"I have added the fall of rain at Plymouth and Goodamoor, in order to show the source of the erroneous impressions, in regard to the humidity of Torquay, which was supposed to be the same with some other parts of Devon, and must refer for further explanations to the pamphlet above referred to, by which, and the returns subsequently published in the Torquay Directory, from the reports of the Registrar-General, it will be seen that the summer as well as the winter climate of Torquay is not only superior to Clifton, but to any other part of England, being cooler, drier, and more equable, not only than the average, but superior in most of these points to any other place specified in the tables."

It may be well to observe here, for the sake of those readers who are not well acquainted with these matters, that the Dew-point is that degree of temperature at which the air is saturated with

watery vapour, and shows the absolute amount of moisture in the atmosphere; the difference between the Dew-point and the temperature shows the sensible dryness of the air. These varying conditions have an important influence upon the animal functions, as the following physiological considerations, which we quote from an article written by us some time ago, will make evident. "A quantity of watery fluid is continually passing off from the lungs and skin by the three processes of exhalation, evaporation, and transudation. The entire amount, in health, is estimated by Seguin at eighteen grains per minute, of which eleven grains pass off by the skin, and seven by the lungs. These processes can be, and are, greatly modified by the state of the surrounding atmosphere, and it is of much importance to be fully acquainted with the results thus produced, because they have a direct and very essential bearing on the question of the choice of climate for different invalids. From the lungs the watery fluid always passes off in the form of vapour, the expired air carrying it

away in solution. Much, therefore, so far as this process is concerned, must depend upon the hygro-metric condition of the atmosphere; for the quantity exhaled from the lungs must bear a certain relation to the temperature of the air inspired, and the quantity of humidity held in solution, or to the distance from perfect saturation. From the skin the fluid escapes in two ways, either insensibly by evaporation, which is a purely physical process, or in the form of sweat, by the vital action of transudation; and these, too, are greatly modified by the state of the surrounding air. It has been shown, by experiment, that pulmonary exhalation may be entirely arrested, and even the opposite process of absorption of watery vapour by the lungs set up, under certain circumstances; and evaporation by the skin will, of course, be absolutely prevented by the action of air at the same temperature as the body, if fully charged with vapour. But transudation will still continue to be carried on, and that often to a very large amount. Dr. Mason

(‘Climate and Meteorology of Madeira’) relates an instance which serves as a good illustration of these facts. ‘A man entered one of the estufas at a temperature of 160° , the air being saturated with water and spirituous vapour from the wine. Pulmonary exhalation was suppressed, and, after remaining three and a half minutes, perspiration by transudation was excited to such an extent that sweat streamed from every part of his body. The respiration was increased in frequency, and he appeared so exhausted as to be scarcely able to stand. He continued panting for eight or ten minutes after he came in contact with the external atmosphere, which at the time was from 65° to 70° .’”

This is an extreme instance, and one which cannot occur excepting under conditions artificially produced; but modified results of the same kind are often observed, and it is probable that part of the unhealthiness of low-lying, damp countries near the tropics, where the temperature is high and the air unduly moist, is owing to this cause.

In warm weather, as we all know, free evaporation from the surface has a most cooling and refreshing effect, and hence there is less feeling of oppression when the wind is blowing than when the atmosphere is perfectly still; but this evaporation cannot but be impeded in proportion to the moisture of the air; and in some measure, as this retardation takes place, does the system, for the time, lose the benefit of the removal of that portion of fluid which is necessary for the maintenance of perfect health. The immediate result is a feeling of languor, oppression, and discomfort, continuing and increasing until the skin takes on a compensating action, and the system is relieved by perspiration more or less profuse. Dr. Mason observes that, in Madeira, at the close of the evening, as the increased humidity comes on, the sweat may be seen standing on the foreheads of very many individuals; and almost all complain of the heat, although it may be from 3° to 5° less than in the middle of the day; when the air being farther removed from the point of saturation,

neither of these conditions are observed, though the temperature is higher. Hence, in these climates, it is a good practical rule to close the windows and doors towards evening, before the damp air enters. "In my own house," says Dr. Mason, "where the windows and doors were regularly closed at a proper period, this oppression was never complained of, nor were the ladies obliged to fan themselves without intermission : " a good illustration of the advantage of a little science in the affairs of every-day life.

We have next to consider what is the effect of cold moist air. As far as pulmonary exhalation is concerned, it will act in much the same way as dry air at a much higher temperature, because with the increased heat which it acquires in the lungs, its capacity for moisture is increased, and consequently the process of exhalation is carried on vigorously. But then, in doing this, it makes at the same time considerable demands upon the body, which the other does not, abstracting each moment such an amount of vital heat as will suffice

to raise its own temperature to the required standard. On the skin too it must, to a certain extent, act in like manner. The stratum of air in immediate contact with the body will be warmed to a certain degree, and thus favour the cutaneous evaporation ; but its two qualities of coldness and dampness are both unfavourable to transudation, which is a vital action, and accordingly perspiration is checked and impeded, and if by any means it be produced, as during vigorous exercise and so forth, there is great chance of it remaining on "the surface, to chill and injure the health."

It is very plain, therefore, that for the majority of invalids that place will be most suitable, in which the hygrometric conditions are neither extreme nor greatly variable.

From all these data it will be gathered that the most important feature in the climate of Torquay is its equability, both as regards the temperature and the humidity of the atmosphere. They show that in winter the extreme cold observed never reaches the average of England, and they prove that in

summer the heat also is below the average. This last statement is the one which will probably excite most astonishment, for it seems almost impossible to persuade people that a locality, which is distinguished for its warmth in winter, must not also, of necessity, be unbearably hot in summer. And yet there is no doubt of the fact. In 1847 the highest degree registered in Torquay was 80° , in some parts of England it reached 98° . In 1848 the highest at Torquay was 75° ; in other parts of England it was 95° . In 1849, the highest of Torquay was 75° , the average of England 82° ; the extreme, 91° . In 1850 the highest of Torquay was 77° , the average of England 81° ; the extreme 89° . In 1851, the highest of Torquay was 75° ; the average highest of England (in the same quarter) 83° ; and so during the hottest weather of this present summer (1852).

	July	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,	9.
Torquay	.	67°	69°	79°	81°	79°	74°
Chiswick	.	94°	97°	90°	90°	87°	92°

It is not at all difficult to explain these results,

which are mainly dependent upon the proximity of the sea, which not only encircles the great peninsula of the western counties, but also the smaller promontory on which the major part of the town is built, and of which a line drawn from Tor Abbey Sands to Babbicombe Bay forms the base. For, by reason of this, the wind in every point to the southward of north, east, and west is a sea breeze ; and it is scarcely necessary to observe that sea-breezes are peculiarly characterised by their equable temperature.

Another cause for the modified heat of summer will be found in the fact that there is very rarely an entire calm at Torquay. Be the explanation what it may, whether it depend upon the circling course of the tides in Torbay, itself within the great western bay, or whether it be owing to the peculiar situation of the town to which we have referred above ; or to the broken nature of the ground, and the valleys which radiate from the shore and act as ventilators—the fact itself is unquestionable, there is usually a breeze in

Torquay, even when vessels are lying becalmed in the offing, and the clouds resting motionless on Dartmoor.

Nor is it difficult to understand the origin of the mistake as to the extreme humidity of Torquay. Until within the last few years the only place in Devon in which meteorological registers were kept, was Dartmoor, and there the fall of rain is very great. This fall, by a very easy and not unnatural mistake, was regarded as the average of the county, and hence it was universally represented that Devonshire, though possessed of a mild climate, was also exceedingly wet; and it was hastily concluded that Torquay maintained the same watery character. No cautious writer will be guilty of the same blunder now, in the face of irrefragable statistics.

The comparative dryness, which we have demonstrated, is undoubtedly dependent upon circumstances of local position. The limestone—on which for the most part the town is built—has probably some effect. The position midway

between two rivers—the Dart and the Teign—has, in all likelihood, a still greater influence. But the chief cause, we believe, will be found in the proximity of the high range of the Dartmoor hills. Clouds rest there, and moisture is copiously deposited, when, at Torquay and the immediate neighbourhood, the sky is clear and the air dry.

It should be also noticed, in conclusion, that fogs are of rare occurrence, and that we are comparatively seldom visited by severe thunderstorms.

CHAPTER VII.



GEOLOGY.

FEW counties in England afford a more favorable field for Geological investigations than Devonshire. The great variety of formations which may be seen and examined in a comparatively limited space, give it an immense advantage over other districts, where the geologist often finds it necessary to traverse large tracts of country, in order to make himself acquainted with the relative positions and the ages of different beds. Here, on the contrary, we have within our reach, formations of nearly every character, from the granite of Dartmoor, to the tertiary beds found in the depressions of the chalk and greensand; and the pre-eminence of Devonshire, as a district well worthy the attention

of those who pursue the study, is sufficiently proved by the distinguished names affixed to the numerous papers which are constantly appearing to elucidate some part or other of its geology. The neighbourhood of Torquay is peculiarly calculated to interest men of science, more particularly as some of its rocks, in connection with others in the county, have given rise to much diversity of opinion as to their relative age.

The limestones, which add so much to the picturesque beauty of the scenery in the vicinity of Torquay, and upon which much of the new red sandstone and conglomerate rests, have been, together with the limestones of Newton Bushel and Plymouth, referred to very different dates, by those who have written on the subject, through a long series of years. Da Costa, Playfair, L. A. Necker, De Luc, J. Thompson, W. Smith, Brande, W. Phillips, Hennah, Greenough, Sedgwick, W. Conybeare, Buckland, Elie de Beaumont, De la Beche, Prideaux, V. Phillips, Austen, Murchison, and Bakewell, with others,

have published their opinions respecting the rocks in question, and have differed in referring them either to the primary, transition or grauwacke, or to the carboniferous series. Messrs. De la Beche and Austen, in particular, considered them identical with the true mountain or carboniferous limestone, and we believe that for a length of time only one or two of the eminent geologists whose names we have just mentioned, had any idea of what now seems generally to be considered their true position. Mr. J. Phillips, in his paper in the *Encyclopædia Metropolitana*, on geology, hesitates to place them in a definite position, in consequence of the number of fossil shells, identical with those of the mountain limestone; and Mr. Prideaux is the only author who ascribes them in part to the old red sandstone system, his opinion resting on the mineralogical character of the rocks. Mr. Lonsdale seems to have been the person who carried out this idea to any extent, founding his opinion chiefly on the collections of Mr. Hennah and Mr. Austen, containing the shells of the

limestones of Plymouth, Newton Bushel, and Torquay; some of which he found to be identical with those of the mountain limestone, and others with those of the Silurian system. This circumstance, together with others, induced him to consider these rocks as occupying a situation intermediate between the two, or in other words, as of the same age as the old red sandstone. In 1839, Professor Sedgwick and Mr. Murchison expressed their adoption of this opinion, extending their application of it to all the older sedimentary rocks of Cornwall and Devonshire, and the subsequent observations of the latter gentleman in Russia appear to have terminated the controversy.

The older rocks in this neighbourhood are frequently so covered up by the new red sandstone and conglomerate, that it becomes very difficult to trace their continuation for any considerable distance, more particularly as the colour of the beds which underlie the limestone, is frequently similar to that of the overlaying strata. The limestones, slates, sandstones, and trap rocks of

Torquay, Tor-Mohun, and Saint Mary Church, may be considered to form a kind of island, surrounded by the new red sandstone and conglomerates, and it would appear that either during or prior to the production of the new red sandstone series, great compressive forces have acted upon the stratified rocks of the district, causing the limestones of Torquay, Tor-Mohun, and Babbicombe to be much bent and contorted, and producing the remarkable fissures at Petit-Tor and other places, the cracks which were caused at that time being filled up in part by the finer matter of the conglomerate, where it has been able to penetrate, and by the usual coating of the carbonate of lime where it has not. At Petit-Tor, there is a fissure filled up in this manner by the red conglomerate, on the eastern side of a very remarkable arch of slate, which supports beds of limestone, the stratified nature of which may still be observed on the southern side of the arch, while to the north, the continuation of the same beds is entirely broken up and interrupted;

masses of limestone appearing to be forced into the surrounding beds. At Babbicombe, in the western part of the bay, we discover, for some distance from the junction with the red sandstone, the base of the limestone series, dipping south-east, and partially resting on and penetrated by trap. These lower beds are black shales with limestone bands, and are partly fossiliferous, yielding cyathophylla, favosites, a peculiar pecten, &c.

In the neighbourhood of Babbicombe, there is a very remarkable fault, which runs nearly due east and west; here the red sandstone and conglomerate is wedged in and mingled with the limestone, slates and trap-rock, and the fault appears to pass into the red sandstone series near Yeadown, where it can no longer be traced. This fault occurs between Babbicombe and Saint Mary Church. At Black Head, the limestones and slates are overlaid by trap-rock, the limestone having been altered by the heat of the superincumbent greenstone, the veins of which, near

the limestone, are calcareous. In the slate which underlies the limestone, veins of trap are also discoverable, running into it, and including fragments of the slate at Babbicombe. The whole line of coast, from Petit-Tor to Hope's Nose, is well worthy the attention of the geologist, the igneous rocks occurring here and there among the stratified beds, which are singularly bent and contorted, giving ample proof of the violence with which the trap has been protruded amongst them; and many of the beds are exceedingly rich in fossils.

Besides the fault which we have described, near Babbicombe, a number of others occur in the district around Torbay; but, perhaps, the most remarkable of the whole is the one which appears at the north-east end of Tor Abbey Sands, where the limestone beds are brought into contact with the red sandstone, which is much turned up near the line of junction.

At Meadfoot Bay, between the mass of limestone at Hope's Nose and the hill which rises above

Torquay, we have a series of fossiliferous strata, yielding two or three different kinds of fossils, exposed in an anticlinal axis between prominent points of limestone, in the same manner as the strata at Mudstone Bay, beyond Berry Head, which, however, are different from those in question. The strata at Meadfoot dip north-east, towards Hope, and south-east towards Torbay. There is a dislocation on the north-east side, which depresses the beds on the east, and exhibits the top of the limestone at Hope. The series is principally composed of argillaceous schists, mostly dark, often weather-stained to redness, with thin bands of calcareous matter. Slaty cleavage is developed in the shales. The fossils appear on weathered lines parallel to the laminæ of deposition, and the whole appearance is like that of the calciferous shales on the north side of Croyde Bay, or south side of Baggy Point. A specimen of a large trilobite has been found here.

There are also sandy beds of no great thickness in the upper part of the section, which yield

fossils, and look like the gritty beds of Croyde Bay and Baggy Point.* The Rev. D. Williams, in a paper read before the Geological Society in 1840, gives the following description of the beds at Meadfoot, lying between the two masses of limestone before mentioned. Cornish clay-slate, buff-coloured finely arenaceous strata containing fossils, true floriferous grit, slates with culm, volcanic ash and coral limestones, these form, as we have before stated, an anticlinal axis, which throws off the great mass of the Torquay limestone. The base of the limestones of Babbicombe and Torquay is seen west of Hope's Nose, and on the west side of the dislocation which ranges north and south from Meadfoot Sands, the top of the limestone partly covered by black shale, is also seen a little to the south of Hope's Nose, and both below, in, and above the limestone, fossils occur, very plentifully in the upper laminated calcareous beds, but there they are much injured by slaty cleavage.

Beneath the limestones of Tor-Mohun, Mr.

* Phillips.

Austen has traced the existence of trappean ash, similar to that which the Rev. D. Williams mentions as occurring at Meadfoot. This ash also underlies the limestones between Abbot's Kerswell and King's Kerswell, and, together with other igneous rocks of a more solid structure, seems to have formed a flooring, upon which the calcareous beds were deposited. In similar ash, among the limestones near East Ogwell, which belong to the same series as those at Tor-Mohun, Mr. Austen has discovered organic remains.

At Cockington, the older rocks are greatly covered by the new red sandstone and conglomerate, and it is very difficult, in consequence of this circumstance, to decide whether the old red sandstones of that neighbourhood are higher in the series than the limestones of Torquay and Tor-Mohun, or whether they should be considered as represented by the red sandstones occurring amid the beds, inferior to those limestones which extend from Meadfoot Sands to Upton. On the coast, from Petit-Tor to Dawlish, the red sandstone

gradually disappears, and the conglomerate takes its place. The cementing matter of these conglomerates is somewhat calcareous, or rather magnesio-calcareous, so that a little beyond Teignmouth, the small cavities are frequently lined with crystals of carbonate of lime; the breccia is composed of fragments of the older deposits, pebbles of red quarziferous porphyry, or igneous rocks of the kinds previously mentioned as associated with the older formations, becoming more abundant in the conglomerate near the Teign. Crystals of Murchisonite have been frequently found in the cement of the conglomerate at the Corbons Rocks in Torbay, and in the line of beds which crop out between Holloway-Hill and Watcombe.

It would appear that during the formation of the new red sandstone series beneath the ocean, eruptions of lava have been thrown into the ocean, cementing together the water-worn materials, fragments of the older rocks, &c., and forming the conglomerates of which we are now speaking, the base of which is an earthy felspar, and their colour,

together with that of all rocks of a similar tint, being in general derived from the oxide of iron. In the sandstones, generally, the oxide of iron forms an exceedingly thin film, which has been added by some accretionary process, round the small broken or rolled grains of usually clear quartz. The sandstones and conglomerate of Tor-Mohun are continued for some distance round Torbay, being united by a very narrow stripe, which borders the coast at Livermead, with the similar beds at Paignton.

In the year 1835, Mr. Austen described a raised beach at Hope's Nose, which had been previously discovered by Mr. Griffiths. The elevation of this beach above the level of the sea is about thirty feet, and it is composed of horizontal beds, containing a great abundance of shells, fossilised, but all, we believe, of existing species; the lowest stratum is composed of large fragments of rock, their angles being worn away by the action of the waves. It may be traced for a distance of about sixty yards.

A continuation of this beach was discovered at the same time, by Mr. Austen, on the Thatcher Rock, one of three singular islets in Meadfoot Bay. It is observable that traces of similar beaches are visible in many places on the coast of Devonshire and Cornwall, and in others, sand and shingle occur, arranged in such a manner as to leave no doubt that they are the remains of similar beaches, one of which was discovered in 1817, by the Rev. R. Hennah, on the Hoe at Plymouth.* In fact, the appearance of the whole coast gives additional testimony to that afforded by these beaches of a general elevation of the land above the level of the sea, in the district comprehending the counties above named and West Somerset.

In the near vicinity of Torquay, may be seen one of the most remarkable of the limestone caverns, containing the remains of animals, some

* Recent observations have led some eminent geologists to suspect that there is no raised beach, properly so called, on the Hoe. These doubts, however, do not in the least affect the fact of the general elevation of the land, which seems to be abundantly proved.

of which are at present confined to tropical climates, and others, which, though belonging to existing genera, are of extinct species. Kent's Cavern, which is now celebrated for its fossil treasures, wherever the science of geology, or of its most valuable assistant, comparative anatomy, is understood, is about six hundred feet in length, and contains a number of lateral recesses, in one of which the first proofs of the ossiferous nature of the cavern were discovered by Mr. Northmore, of Exeter, who found beneath the bed of mud which lies under the stalagmitic flooring of the cavern, the tusk of a hyena, and soon afterwards a metatarsal bone of the cavern bear. These were the first fruits of a series of excavations, chiefly conducted by the late Rev. J. Mc. Enery, which have produced a rich harvest of fossil remains, specimens of which are to be found in most of the cabinets in Europe. The bed of mud beneath the stalagmite is in general of a reddish colour, and it contains some worn pebbles. The bones chiefly found in this cave are those of the hyena, tiger,

bear, wolf, horse, deer, elephant, hippopotamus, elk, rat, dog, sheep, rabbit, and some bones of birds; many of them have been gnawed, while others are tolerably perfect. These animals are generally believed to have been the prey of hyenas or bears, and that, in the case of the larger carnivora, these animals have dragged the carcasses into their den after they had been killed, or had died from natural causes. Mr. Austen, however, seems to be of opinion that the bones found in the Devonshire caves are not those of animals which have formed the food of hyenas, but of the prey of the lion, tiger, and other large feline animals, teeth and bones of which have been found in the Plymouth and Hatton caves, and in many others in different parts of Europe. There is a small cavern at Anstis Cove, in which fossil bones have been discovered, and near Berry-head similar remains have been found. The formation of the caverns so frequently seen in limestone rock has been variously accounted for, and is most probably due to different causes. Earthquakes

have apparently produced many of them, as they present so many appearances of angular fracture that they cannot be referred to the disintegration of the lime rocks by the infiltration of water containing carbonic acid, which is unquestionably the cause of several of these caves. Many animals have doubtless fallen in through fissures in the roofs, which have been filled up by subsequent convulsions, or by the wearing away of the rock above; others may have been washed in by inundations, but there can be no doubt that they have for a length of time been the abode of carnivora, which have dragged their prey there.

Our limits will only permit us to notice one or two other circumstances, which add much to the geological interest of the locality. At the further end of Tor-Abbey sands at low water, trunks and branches of trees frequently become visible, some of which are evidently found on the spot where they grew. Mr. de la Beche considers them to be the remains of a submarine forest, and in the bed of peat in which the trees occur, the

bones of a horse and antler of a deer have been discovered. The occurrence of these forests, one of which is believed to have flourished where the waters of Mount's Bay surround the "Hoar rock in the wood," seem to prove that partial subsidences of the land have taken place in this district, either coetaneously with or subsequently to the general elevation, which can hardly admit of a doubt.

On the same sands, on a rock which may be reached at low water, the living madreporae may be found.

LIST OF FOSSILS

FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF TORQUAY.

From J. Phillips's Palaeozoic Fossils.

POLYPIARIA.

Genus. TURBINOLOPSIS.

Turbinolia celtica—Mudstone Bay ; Torquay.

Genus. AMPLEX.

Amplexus tortuosus—Barton ; Torquay.

Genus. CYATHOPHYLLUM.

Cyathophyllum turbinatum (supposed)—*Babbicombe*.

Cyathophyllum cæspitosum—*Torquay*.

Genus. CYSTIPHYLLUM.

Cystiphyllum damnoniense—*Babbicombe*.

Cystiphyllum vesiculosum—*Babbicombe*.

Genus. STROMBODES.

Strombodes helianthoïdeum—*Babbicombe*.

Genus. ASTRÆA.

Astræa pentagona—*Torquay*.

Astræa Hennahii—*Barton*.

Astræa intercellulosa—*Torquay*.

Genus. PORITES.

Porites pyriformis—*Babbicombe ; Torquay*.

Genus. FAVOSITES.

Favosites Polymorpha—*Babbicombe ; Torquay ; Hope's Nose ;
Mudstone Bay*.

Favosites Gothlandica—*Babbicombe*.

Favosites spongites—*Babbicombe ; Hope's Nose*.

Favosites fibrosa—*Babbicombe*.

Genus. STOMATOPORA.

Stomatopora concentrica—*Torquay*.

New Genus. CAUNOPORA.

Caunopora placenta—*Torquay*.

Caunopora ramosa—*Babbicombe*.

Genus. PLEURODICTYUM.

Pleurodictyum problematicum—*Meadfoot*.

Sands (below the limestone of *Torquay*).

Genus. GORGONIA.

Gorgonia ripisteria—*Mudstone Bay*.

Genus. MILLEPORA.

Millepora repens—*Hope's Nose*.

Genus. FENESTELLA.

Fenestella antiqua—*Barton*.

Fenestella arthritica—*Torquay* ; *Hope*.

Genus. RETEpora.

Retepora flustriformis—*Barton*.

New Genus. HEMITRYPA.

Hemitrypa oculata—*Barton*.

CRINOIDEA.

Genus. ACTINOCRINUS.

The stems of Crinoidians in South Devon and Cornwall are usually referred to *Cyathocrinites*.

Cyathocrinus nodulosus—*Torquay*.

CONCHIFERA PLAGIMYONA,

OR

CONCHIFERA DYMYARIA.

Genus. PLEURORHYNCHUS.

Pleurorhynchus aliformis—*Barton*.

Genus. NUCULA.

Nucula ovata—*Meadfoot Sands* (laminated sandstone).

CONCHIFERA MESOMYONA,
OR
MONOMYARIA.

Genus.

Pecten polytrichus—*Mudstone Bay.*

Pecten rugosus—*Babbicombe.*

Genus. AVICULA.

Avicula anisota—*Meadfoot.*

Avicula texturata—*Barton.*

Avicula reticulata—*Barton.*

CONCHIFERA BRACHIOPODA.

Family. ATHYRIDA.

Genus. LEPTÆNA, or PRODUCTA.

Leptæna nodulosa—*Hope's Nose.*

Leptæna ragaria—*Hope's Nose.*

Family. DELTHYRIDÆ.

Genus. ORTHIS.

Orthis interstitialis—*Barton.*

Orthis sordida—*Meadfoot Sands.*

Orthis arcuata—*Hope.*

Orthis plicata—*Meadfoot Sands.*

Orthis lens—*Hope.*

Orthis granulosa—*Meadfoot Sands.*

Orthis crenistria—*Hope.*

Orthis arachnoïdea—*Hope.*

Orthis resupinata—*Barton.*

Genus. SPIRIFERA, or DELTHYRIS.

- Spirifera microgemma*—*Hope*.
Spirifera unguiculus—*Barton*.
Spirifera plebeia—*Barton*.
Spirifera hirundo—*Hope*.
Spirifera phalæna—*Hope*.
Spirifera cuspidata—*Barton*.
Spirifera heteroclita—*Barton*.
Spirifera subconica—*Barton*.
Spirifera distans—*Barton ; Hope*.
Spirifera disjuncta—*Hope*.
Spirifera costata—*Meadfoot Sands ; Hope*.
Spirifera speciosa—*Hope*.
Spirifera rotundata—*Barton*.

*Genus. TEREBRATULA.—Von Buch.**Section 1. Genus. ATRYPA.—Dalman.*

- Part of Genus ATRYPA.—Sowerba.*
Terebratula aspera—*Hope*.
Terebratula prisca—*Barton*.
Terebratula proboscidalis—*Hope*.
Terebratula cuboides—*Hope*.
Terebratula bifera—*Hope*.
Terebratula crenulata—*Barton*.
Terebratula anisodonta—*Barton*.
Terebratula pugnus—*Barton*.
Terebratula rhomboidea—*Barton*.
Terebratula amblygona—*Barton ; Babbicombe*.
Terebratula comta—*Barton*.
Terebratula angularis—*Barton*.
Terebratula ferita—*Barton*.
Terebratula juvenis—*Barton*.

Terebratula sacculus—*Barton*.

Terebratula virgo—*Barton*.

GASTEROPODA.

Proposed new Genus. ACROGULIA.

Acroculia sigmoidalis—*Hope*.

Genus. EUOMPHALUS.

Euomphalus serpens—*Meadfoot*.

Genus. PLEUROTOMARIA.

Pleurotomaria impendens—*Hope*.

New Genus. LOXONEMA.

Loxonema lincta—*Barton*.

CEPHALOPODA MONOTHALAMACEA.

Genus. BELLEROPHON.

Bellerophon trilobatus—*Meadfoot Sands*.

Small and doubtful species of *Bellerophon* have been found at *Meadfoot Sands*.

CEPHALOPODA POLYTHALAMACEA.

Genus. ORTHOCERAS.

Orthoceras tentaculare—*Meadfoot Sands*.

CRUSTACEA.

TRILOBITES.

Harpes macrocephalus—*Barton*.

Calymene sternbergii—*Barton*.

Calymene granulata—*Hope*.

Calymene latreillii—*Hope* ; *Barton*.

Calymene lævis—*Mudstone Bay*.

Asaphus granuliferus—*Hope*.

Asaphus longicaudatus—*Hope*.

Homalonotus Knightii ?—*Herschellii* ?—*Meadfoot Sands*.

FISHES.

SCALES OF HOLOPTYCHUS

Are found in sandstone at Meadfoot Sands.

At Meadfoot Sands, Mr. J. Phillips observes, in the supplement to the description of fossils, the *Orthis Hardrensis* is also found.

CHAPTER VIII.

BOTANY.

THE district around Torquay is extremely rich in plants, many of which are far from common, while others are peculiar to the neighbourhood. The plants which flourish best on limestone rocks, and require a thin dry soil, find here localities peculiarly favourable to them, while the rich fertile soil produced by the disintegration of the new red sandstone cannot fail to present a luxuriant harvest to the botanist. The great variety of surface, too, from the lofty hills around the town, to the sheltered vallies of Upton and Cockington, affords many different aspects and temperatures, and plants which grow most abundantly in the free fresh air of the open downs, may be found at no

great distance from the ferns and mosses which love the damp moist hollows of the sheltered lanes. What may be in general said of the favourable circumstances attending the pursuit of geology in this neighbourhood, may also be applied to that of botany.

We subjoin an alphabetical list of the rarer plants found in the neighbourhood, omitting common ones, which grow everywhere.

A LIST OF PLANTS FOUND IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD
OF TORQUAY.

<i>Achillæa ptarmica</i> .	Sneezewort yarrow.
<i>Adoxa moschatellina</i> .	Tuberous moschatell.
<i>Æthusa cynapium</i> .	Fools' parsley.
<i>Agrostis canina</i> .	Brown bent-grass.
„ <i>alba</i> .	Marsh ditto.
<i>Aira caryophyllea</i> .	Silvery hair-grass.
„ <i>flexuosa</i> .	Waved ditto.
<i>Alchemilla arvensis</i> .	Field lady's-mantle.
<i>Alopecurus geniculatus</i> .	Floating foxtail grass.
<i>Anagallis tenella</i> .	Scarlet pimpernel.
„ <i>cærulea</i> .	Blue ditto.
„ <i>carnea</i> .	Flesh-coloured ditto.
<i>Anchusa sempervirens</i> .	Evergreen alkanet.
<i>Anthyllis vulneraria</i> .	Kidney vetch.

<i>Apium graveolens.</i>	Wild calery.
<i>Aquilegia vulgaris.</i>	Common columbine.
<i>Arabis hirsuta.</i>	Hairy rock-cress.
<i>Asperula cynanchica.</i>	Small woodruff.
<i>Avena pratensis.</i>	Narrow-leaved oat-grass.
„ <i>pubescens.</i>	Downy ditto.
<i>Barbarea præcox.</i>	Early winter-cress.
<i>Bartsia viscosa.</i>	Yellow bartsia.
<i>Beta maritima.</i>	Sea-beet.
<i>Bidens tripartita.</i>	Trifid marigold.
<i>Brassica oleracea.</i>	Sea-cabbage.
<i>Bromus mollis.</i>	Soft broom-grass.
<i>vars. nanus and ovalis.</i>	
„ <i>asper.</i>	Hairy ditto.
„ <i>sterilis.</i>	Sterile ditto.
„ <i>commutatus.</i>	Tumid field ditto.
„ <i>secalinus.</i>	Smooth rye ditto.
<i>var. vulgaris.</i>	
<i>Bupleurum odontites.</i>	Narrow-leaved hare's-ear.
<i>Calamagrostis lanceolata.</i>	Purple-flowered reed.
<i>Calamintha acinos.</i>	Basil thyme.
„ <i>nepeta.</i>	Lesser calamint.
„ <i>officinalis.</i>	Common ditto.
<i>Calluna vulgaris.</i>	Hoary heath.
<i>var. tomentosa.</i>	
<i>Campanula rotundifolia.</i>	Round-leaved campanula.
„ <i>hybrida.</i>	Corn bell-flower.
<i>Carduus marianus.</i>	Milk thistle.
<i>Carlina vulgaris.</i>	Common carline thistle.
<i>Castanea vulgaris.</i>	Spanish chestnut.
<i>Centaurea cyanus.</i>	Common blue-bottle.

<i>Centunculus minimus.</i>	Chaffweed.
<i>Cerostium atrovirens.</i>	Green mouse-ear chickweed.
„ <i>semidecandrum.</i>	Little ditto.
<i>Chiranthus cheiri</i>	Wallflower.
<i>Cicuta virosa.</i>	Water-hemlock.
<i>Cochlearia danica.</i>	Danish scurvy-grass.
„ <i>officinalis.</i>	Common ditto.
<i>Convolvulus soldanella.</i>	Sea bindweed.
<i>Coronopus ruellii.</i>	Swine's-cress.
<i>Corydalis claviculata.</i>	White climbing corydalis.
„ <i>lutea.</i>	Yellow ditto.
<i>Cotyledon umbilicus.</i>	Wall pennywort.
<i>Crepis biennis.</i>	Rough hawk's-beard.
<i>Crithmum maritimum.</i>	Sea-samphire.
<i>Daucus maritimus.</i>	Sea-carrot.
<i>Dianthus armeria.</i>	Deptford pink.
<i>Elymus arenarius.</i>	Upright sea lime-grass.
<i>Epilobium parviflorum.</i>	Small-flowered willow-herb.
<i>Epipactis latifolia.</i>	Broad-leaved helleborine.
<i>Eriophorum polystachion.</i>	Broad-leaved cotton-grass.
„ <i>pubescens.</i>	Downy ditto.
<i>Eryngium maritimum.</i>	Sea-holly.
<i>Erythræa pulchella.</i>	Dwarf-branched centaury.
<i>Euphorbia portlandica.</i>	Portland spurge.
<i>Fedia dentata.</i>	Smooth narrow-fruited corn-salad.
<i>Festuca duriuscula.</i>	Barren fescue-grass.
„ <i>ovina.</i>	Sheep's ditto.
<i>Foeniculum vulgare.</i>	Common fennel.
<i>Fumaria capreolata.</i>	Rampant fumitory.

<i>Gastrium lendigerum.</i>	Nit-grass.
<i>Gentiana amarella.</i>	Small-flowered gentian.
<i>Geranium lucidum.</i>	Shining cranes'-bill.
„ <i>columbinum.</i>	Long-stalked ditto.
„ <i>purpureum.</i>	
<i>Glaucium luteum.</i>	Yellow-horned poppy.
<i>Gnaphalium uliginosum.</i>	Marsh cudweed.
<i>Habenaria chlorantha.</i>	Great butterfly.
„ <i>bifolia.</i>	Lesser ditto.
<i>Helianthemum polifolium.</i>	White rock-rose.
„ <i>vulgare.</i>	Yellow ditto.
<i>Helleborus viridis.</i>	Green hellebore.
<i>Hippocrepis comosa.</i>	Horse-shoe vetch.
<i>Hydrocotyle vulgaris.</i>	White-rot.
<i>Hyosciamus niger.</i>	Common henbane.
<i>Hypericum androsœmum.</i>	Tutsan.
„ <i>elodes.</i>	Marsh St. John's wort.
„ <i>hirsutum.</i>	Hairy ditto.
„ <i>montanum.</i>	Mountain ditto.
„ <i>pulchrum.</i>	Small upright ditto.
„ <i>humifusum.</i>	Trailing ditto.
„ <i>dubium.</i>	Imperforate ditto.
<i>Inula conyza.</i>	Ploughman's spikenard.
<i>Iris fœtidissima.</i>	Stinking iris.
<i>Juncus acutiflorus.</i>	Sharp-flowered jointed rush.
<i>Lathyrus nissolia.</i>	Crimson grass-vetch.
„ <i>sylvestris.</i>	Narrow-leaved everlasting-pea.
<i>Lavatera arborea.</i>	Tree-mallow.

<i>Ligustrum vulgare.</i>	Common privet.
<i>Linaria minor.</i>	Least toadflax.
„ <i>spuria.</i>	Round-leaved toadflax.
<i>Linosyris vulgaris.</i>	Flax-leaved goldy-locks.
<i>Linum angustifolium.</i>	Narrow-leaved pale flax.
<i>Lithospermum purpureocoruleum.</i>	Purple groomwell.
<i>Lotus major.</i>	Great birds'-foot trefoil.
<i>Lychnis diurna.</i>	Red campion.
„ <i>vespertina.</i>	White ditto.
<i>Lythrum salicaria.</i>	Purple loose-strife.
<i>Malva moschata.</i>	Musk-mallow.
„ <i>pusilla.</i>	Small-flowered ditto.
<i>Medicago lupulina.</i>	Black medick.
„ <i>maculata.</i>	Spotted ditto.
„ <i>minima.</i>	Little bur ditto.
<i>Melilotus officinalis.</i>	Common yellow melilot.
<i>Melittis melissophyllum.</i>	Bastard balm.
<i>Mentha sativa.</i>	Marsh whorled mint.
<i>Menyanthes trifoliata.</i>	Buck-bean.
<i>Moenchia erecta.</i>	Upright mcenchia.
<i>Moeringia trinervis.</i>	Three-nerved leaved sand-wort.
<i>Molinia cœrulea.</i>	Purple molinia.
<i>Montia fontana.</i>	Water-blinks.
<i>Myosotis cœspitosa.</i>	Tufted water scorpion-grass.
„ <i>collina.</i>	Early field ditto.
„ <i>versicolor.</i>	Yellow and blue ditto.
<i>Myrica gale.</i>	Dutch myrtle.
<i>Narcissus biflorus.</i>	Pale narcissus.
<i>Nartherium ossifragrum.</i>	Bog asphodel.

<i>Neottia spiralis.</i>	Fragrant lady's-tresses.
<i>Enanthe crocata.</i>	Hemlock water drop-wort.
„ <i>pimpinelloides.</i>	Callous-fruited ditto.
<i>Onobrychis sativa.</i>	Common saintfoin.
<i>Ononis arvensis.</i>	Field rest-harrow.
<i>Ophrys apifera.</i>	Bee-orchis.
<i>Orchis ustulata.</i>	Dwarf dark-winged orchis.
„ <i>latifolia.</i>	Marsh orchis.
<i>Ornithopus perpusillus.</i>	Common birds'-foot.
<i>Orobanche barbata.</i>	Ivy broom-rape.
<i>Orobus tuberosus.</i>	Tuberous bitter vetch.
<i>Papaver hybridum.</i>	Rough round-headed poppy.
<i>Peplis portula.</i>	Water-purslane.
<i>Phleum arenarium.</i>	Sea cats'-tail.
<i>Pinguicula lusitanica.</i>	Yellow butterwort.
<i>Poa pratensis.</i>	Meadow-grass.
„ <i>compressa.</i>	Flat-stemmed ditto.
„ <i>maritima.</i>	Creeping sea ditto.
„ <i>aquatica.</i>	Reed ditto.
„ <i>procumbens.</i>	Procumbent ditto.
„ <i>rigida.</i>	Hard ditto.
„ <i>loliacea.</i>	Dwarf-wheat ditto.
„ <i>trivialis. Var. parviflora.</i>	Roughish ditto.
<i>Polygonum aviculare.</i>	Common knot-grass.
„ <i>amphibium.</i>	Amphibious persicaria.
„ <i>rail.</i>	
„ <i>persicaria.</i>	Spotted ditto.
<i>Potamogeton pectinatus.</i>	Fennel-leaved pond-weed.
„ <i>rufescens.</i>	Plantain-leaved ditto.
<i>Prunus avium.</i>	Wild cherry.
„ <i>insititia.</i>	Common bullace.

<i>Pyrus aria</i> .	White beam-tree.
<i>Radiola milligrana</i> .	Thyme-leaved flax-seed.
<i>Ranunculus sceleratus</i> .	Celery-leaved crowfoot.
<i>Ribes grossularia</i> .	Common gooseberry.
<i>Rosa spinosissima</i> .	Spinous rose.
„ <i>systyle</i> .	Close-styled ditto.
<i>Rubus cæsius</i> .	Dew-berry.
<i>Rumex pulcher</i> .	Fiddle-dock.
„ <i>viridis</i> .	Green-veined ditto.
<i>Ruscus aculeatus</i> .	Butchers'-broom.
<i>Samolus valerandi</i> .	Brookweed.
<i>Saponaria officinalis</i> .	Common soapwort.
<i>Saxifraga tridactylites</i> .	Rue-leaved saxifrage.
<i>Scilla autumnalis</i> .	Autumnal squill.
<i>Sedum anglicum</i> .	English stone-crop.
<i>Serratula tinctoria</i> .	Saw-wort.
<i>Silene maritima</i> .	Sea-campion.
<i>Smyrniolum olusarum</i> .	Common Alexanders.
<i>Solidago virga-aurea</i> .	Golden-rod.
<i>Statice spathulata</i> .	Upright spiked sea-lavender.
„ <i>armeria</i> .	Sea-thrift, crimson variety.
<i>Thalictrum minus</i> .	Lesser meadow-rue.
<i>Tilia europæa</i> .	Common lime-tree.
<i>Trifolium suffocatum</i> .	Suffocated trefoil.
„ <i>subterraneum</i> .	Subterranean ditto.
„ <i>scabrum</i> .	Rough ditto.
„ <i>glomeratum</i> .	Smooth ditto.
<i>Trinia glaberrima</i> .	Honewort.
<i>Triticum junceum</i> .	Sea-wheat grass.
„ <i>laxum</i> of <i>Fries</i> .	Wheat-grass.

<i>Vaccinium myrtillus</i> ;	Whortleberry.
<i>Valeriana dioica</i> .	Small marsh-valerian.
<i>Veronica montana</i> .	Mountain-speedwell.
„ <i>officinalis</i> .	Common ditto.
<i>Vicia cracca</i> .	Tufted vetch.
„ <i>gracilis</i> .	Slender tare.
„ <i>hirsuta</i> .	Hairy ditto.
„ <i>lutea</i> .	Yellow-vetch.
„ <i>sylvatica</i> .	Wood-ditto.
„ <i>bithynica</i> .	Rough-podded purple ditto.
<i>Vinca major</i> .	Great periwinkle.
„ <i>minor</i> .	Lesser ditto.
<i>Viola curtisii</i> .	
„ <i>hirta</i> .	Hairy violet.
„ <i>sylvatica</i> .	Wood ditto.
„ <i>lutea</i> .	Yellow ditto.
 <i>Zostera angustifolia</i> .	 Narrow-leaved grassrack.

FERNS.

<i>Adiantum capillus veneris</i> .	True maiden-hair.
<i>Asplenium adiantum nigrum</i> .	Black spleenwort.
„ <i>lanceolatum</i> .	Green lanceolate ditto.
„ <i>marinum</i> .	Sea ditto.
„ <i>rutamuraria</i> .	Wall-rue ditto.
„ <i>trichomanes</i> .	Common ditto.
 <i>Bluignum boreale</i> .	 Northern hard fern.
 <i>Ceterach officinarum</i> .	 Common ceterach.

<i>Equisetum fluviatile.</i>	Great water horse-tail.
„ <i>palustre.</i>	Marsh ditto.
<i>Ophioglossum vulgatum.</i>	Adders'-tonge.
<i>Osmunda regalis.</i>	Flowering-fern.

THE RARER SEA-WEEDS THAT ARE FOUND IN TORBAY.

<i>Asperococcus compressus.</i>	Compressed asperococcus.
<i>Calithamneon cruciatum.</i>	Cruciated calithamneon.
„ <i>lanosum.</i>	Woolly ditto.
„ <i>polyspermum.</i>	Many-fruited ditto.
„ <i>seminudum.</i>	Semi-denudated ditto.
„ <i>gracillimum.</i>	Graceful ditto.
„ <i>tripinnatum.</i>	Tri-pinnate ditto.
„ <i>versicolor.</i>	Changeable ditto.
„ <i>spongiosum.</i>	Spongy ditto.
<i>Choctophora berkeleyi.</i>	Mr. Berkeley's choctophora.
<i>Chorda tomentaria.</i>	Jointed sea-whip-lash.
<i>Codium tomentosum.</i>	Tomentose codium.
<i>Conferva centralis.</i>	Radiating green conferva.
<i>Cystoseira.</i>	Heath-like cystoseira.
„ <i>granulata.</i>	Granulated ditto.
„ <i>fibrosa.</i>	Fibrous ditto.
<i>Dictyota atomaria.</i>	Sprinkled dictyota.
<i>Gigartina erecta.</i>	Small upright gigartina.
„ <i>teedii.</i>	Teede's gigartina.
„ <i>griffithsiae.</i>	Mrs. Griffith's gigartina.

Griffithsia multifida.	Multifid griffithsia.
Haliseris polypodioides.	Polypodium-like haliseris.
Lyngbya majuscula.	Large lyngbya.
Microcladia glandulosa.	Glandular microcladia.
Nitophyllum ocellatum.	Ocellated nitophyllum.
„ ulvoideum.	Ulva-like ditto.
Padina pavonia.	Peacock's-tail padina.
Polysiphonia violacea.	Purple polysiphonia.
Punctaria plantaginea.	Plantain-leaved punctaria.
„ latifolia.	Broad-leaved ditto.
Rhodominia palmetta.	Small palmated rhodominia.
„ jubata.	Shaggy ditto.
„ ciliata.	Ciliated ditto.
„ reniformis.	Kidney-shaped ditto.
Rivularis plicata.	Wrinkled rivularia.
„ nitida.	Shining bullated ditto.
Spyridia filamentosa.	Hairy spyridia.

CHAPTER IX.

CONCHOLOGY.

The shells marked with an asterisk (*) have not been found in Torbay itself, but in the neighbouring waters.

* *Aclis ascaris* (very rare).

* *Aclis unica* (very rare).

Acmaea virginea.

Adcorbis subcarinata.

* *Akera bullata*.

Amphisphyræ hyalina.

Anomia aculeata.

„ *ephippium*.

Aplysia hybrida.

Aporrhais pes pelicani.

Arca lactea.

„ *tetragona*.

Artinus lincta.

„ *exolita*.

Astarte elliptica (?)

„ *sulcata*.

* „ *triangularis*.

Buccinum undatum.

Bulla hydatis.

Calyptræa sinensis.

Cardium aculeatum.

„ *echinatum*.

„ *edule*.

„ *fasciatum*.

„ *nodosum*.

„ *norvegicum*.

„ *pygmæum*.

„ *rusticum*.

Cerithiopsis tuberculare.

Cerithium adversum.

„ *reticulatum*.

Chemnitzia elegantissima.

„ *fenestrata*.

<i>Chemnitzia indistincta.</i>	<i>Eulima subulata.</i>
„ <i>rufa.</i>	<i>Eulimella acicula.</i>
„ <i>scalaris.</i>	„ <i>affinis</i> (very rare).
<i>Chiton asellus.</i>	„ <i>clavula</i> (ditto).
„ <i>canallatus.</i>	„ <i>scillæ</i> (ditto).
„ <i>cinereus.</i>	
„ <i>fascicularis.</i>	<i>Fissurella reticulata.</i>
<i>Cochlodesma prætenne.</i>	<i>Fusus islandicus.</i>
<i>Cœcum glabrum.</i>	
„ <i>trachea.</i>	<i>Galiomma turtoni</i> (single
<i>Corbula nucleus.</i>	valves, very rare).
* <i>Cunella discors.</i>	<i>Gastrochæna modiolina.</i>
„ <i>marmorata.</i>	„
* „ <i>rhombea</i> (very	<i>Killia nitida</i> (rare).
rare).	„ <i>rubra.</i>
<i>Cylichna cylindracea.</i>	„ <i>suborbicularis.</i>
„ <i>mammillata.</i>	
„ <i>obtusa.</i>	<i>Lachesis minima.</i>
„ <i>truncata.</i>	<i>Lacuna crassior.</i>
„ <i>umbilicata.</i>	„ <i>pallidula.</i>
<i>Cypræa europæa.</i>	„ <i>puteolus.</i>
<i>Cyprina islandica.</i>	„ <i>vincta.</i>
<i>Cytherea chione.</i>	<i>Lamellaria perspicua.</i>
	„ <i>tentaculata.</i>
<i>Dentalium entalis.</i>	<i>Lepton squamosum.</i>
„ <i>tarentinum.</i>	<i>Lima hians</i> (single valves,
<i>Diplodonta rotundata.</i>	rare).
<i>Donax anatinus.</i>	„ <i>loscombii.</i>
	„ <i>subauriculata</i> (single
<i>Emarginula reticulata.</i>	valves, rare).
„ <i>rosea.</i>	<i>Lettorina littoralis.</i>
<i>Eulima distorta.</i>	„ <i>littorea.</i>
„ <i>polita.</i>	„ <i>neritoides.</i>

<i>Lettorina rudis.</i>	<i>Montacuta bidentata.</i>
" <i>saxatilis.</i>	" <i>ferruginosa.</i>
* " <i>tenebrosa.</i>	" <i>substriata (rare).</i>
<i>Lucina borealis.</i>	<i>Murex erinaceus.</i>
" <i>flexuosa.</i>	<i>Mya truncata.</i>
" <i>spinifera.</i>	<i>Mytilus edulia.</i>
<i>Lucinopsis undata.</i>	
<i>Lutraria elliptica</i>	<i>Nassa incrassata.</i>
" <i>oblonga (rare).</i>	" <i>pygmæa.</i>
<i>Lyonsia norvegica.</i>	" <i>reticulata.</i>
	<i>Natica monilifera.</i>
<i>Mactra elliptica.</i>	" <i>montagui (rare).</i>
" <i>solida.</i>	" <i>nitida.</i>
" <i>stultorum.</i>	<i>Nucula nitida.</i>
" <i>subtruncata.</i>	" <i>nucleus.</i>
* " <i>truncata.</i>	" <i>radiata.</i>
<i>Mangelia attenuata.</i>	
" <i>brachystoma.</i>	<i>Odostomia acuta.</i>
" <i>costata.</i>	" <i>conoidea.</i>
" <i>gracilis.</i>	" <i>decussata.</i>
" <i>lenfroyi (very</i>	" <i>dubia.</i>
<i>rare).</i>	" <i>eulimoides.</i>
" <i>linearis.</i>	" <i>insculpta.</i>
" <i>nebula.</i>	" <i>interstincta.</i>
" <i>purpurea (rare).</i>	* " <i>obliqua.</i>
" <i>septangularis</i>	" <i>plicata.</i>
<i>(rare).</i>	" <i>rissoides.</i>
" <i>striolata (rare).</i>	" <i>spiralis.</i>
<i>Marginella lævis (very rare).</i>	" <i>unidentata.</i>
<i>Modiola barbata.</i>	* " <i>warrenii.</i>
" <i>modiolus.</i>	<i>Ostræa edulis.</i>
" <i>phasiolina.</i>	<i>Otina otis.</i>
" <i>tulipa.</i>	<i>Ovula patula.</i>

<i>Pandora obtusa.</i>	<i>Rissoa cingillus.</i>
<i>Patella athletica.</i>	„ <i>costata.</i>
„ <i>vulgata.</i>	„ <i>costulata.</i>
„ <i>pellucida.</i>	„ <i>crenulata.</i>
<i>Pecten maximus.</i>	„ <i>fulgida.</i>
„ <i>opercularia.</i>	„ <i>inconspicua.</i>
„ <i>pusio.</i>	„ <i>labiosa.</i>
„ <i>similis</i> (single valves, rare).	„ <i>parva.</i>
„ <i>tigrinus.</i>	„ <i>punctura.</i>
„ <i>varius.</i>	„ <i>rufilabium.</i>
<i>Pectunculus glycimeris.</i>	„ <i>rubra.</i>
<i>Phasianella pullus.</i>	„ <i>semistriata.</i>
<i>Philina aperta.</i>	„ <i>striatula.</i>
„ <i>catena.</i>	* „ <i>soluta.</i>
„ <i>punctata.</i>	„ <i>striata.</i>
„ <i>pruinosa</i> (very rare).	* „ <i>ulvæ.</i>
<i>Pholadidea papyracea.</i>	„ <i>vitrea.</i>
<i>Pholas candida.</i>	<i>Saxicava arctica.</i>
„ <i>dactylus.</i>	„ <i>rugosa.</i>
„ <i>parva.</i>	<i>Scalaria communis.</i>
<i>Pileopsis hungaricus.</i>	„ <i>clathratula.</i>
<i>Pinna pectinata.</i>	<i>Scaphander lignarius.</i>
<i>Pleurobranchus membra-</i>	* <i>Scrobicularia piperata.</i>
<i>naceus.</i>	* <i>Skenea costulata.</i>
„ <i>plumula.</i>	* „ <i>cutleriana.</i>
<i>Psammobia ferroensis.</i>	* „ <i>divisa.</i>
„ <i>tellinella.</i>	* „ <i>lævis.</i>
„ <i>vespertina.</i>	„ <i>planorbis.</i>
<i>Purpura lapellus.</i>	* „ <i>rota</i> (very rare).
<i>Rissoa beanii.</i>	<i>Solen ensis.</i>
	„ <i>marginatus.</i>
	„ <i>pellucidus.</i>

<i>Sollicitus candidus</i> (very rare)	<i>Tornatella fasciata</i> .
„ <i>coarctatus</i> .	<i>Trochus cinerarius</i> .
<i>Sphænia binghami</i> .	• „ <i>granulatus</i> .
<i>Syndosmya alba</i> .	„ <i>lineatus</i> .
„ <i>intermedia</i> (rare).	„ <i>magus</i> .
„ <i>prismatica</i> (rare).	„ <i>montagui</i> .
	* „ <i>pusillus</i> .
	„ <i>striatus</i> .
<i>Tapes decussata</i> .	„ <i>tumidus</i> .
„ <i>pullastra</i> .	„ <i>umbilicatus</i> .
„ <i>virginea</i> .	„ <i>ziziphinus</i> .
<i>Tellina crassa</i> .	<i>Trophon muricatus</i> .
„ <i>donacina</i> .	* <i>Truncatella montagui</i> .
„ <i>fabula</i> .	<i>Turritella communis</i> .
„ <i>incarnata</i> .	* <i>Turtonia minuta</i> .
„ <i>pygmæa</i> (rare).	
* „ <i>solidula</i> .	<i>Velutina lævigata</i> .
„ <i>tenuis</i> .	<i>Venerupis irus</i> .
<i>Teredo navalis</i> .	<i>Venus casina</i> .
<i>Thracia convexa</i> (rare).	„ <i>fasciata</i> .
„ <i>distorta</i> .	„ <i>ovata</i> .
„ <i>phaseolina</i> .	„ <i>striatula</i> .
<i>Thracia villosiuscula</i> .	„ <i>verrucosa</i> .
„ <i>pubescens</i> (very rare).	<i>Xylophaga dorsalis</i> .

CHAPTER X.



MISCELLANEOUS.

CHURCHES, CHAPELS, PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS, &c., AT TORQUAY.

CHURCHES.

PARISH CHURCH, TOR.—Divine Service on Sundays, at 11, 3, and half-past 6 o'clock. On Wednesdays, Fridays, and Holy days, at 11, and 3 o'clock; on other week days at half-past 8 A.M.

PARISH CHURCH, COCKINGTON. Sundays, at 3 P.M. The Rev. J. Harris, D.D. Incumbent of Tor-Mohun, with Cockington.

ST. MARY MAGDALENE, PARISH OF UPTON.—Sundays, at 11, A.M., half-past 3 P.M., and half-past 6 P.M. On Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saint's days, 11 A.M.—Rev. R. K. Wolfe, M.A. Incumbent.

ST. JOHN'S CHAPEL OF EASE, TORQUAY.—Sundays, at 11 A.M., and 3 P.M. Rev. W. G. Parks Smith, A.M. Perpetual Curate.

TRINITY CHAPEL, TORQUAY.—Sundays, at 11, 3, and half-past 6 o'clock. Thursdays at half-past 11, A.M. Rev. R. Fayle, A.M.

CHAPELS.

ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL, AT TOR ABBEY.—Sundays, half-past 10 A.M., Catechism, half-past 2 P.M., Prayers, 3, P.M. Rev. J. Power.

WESLEYAN, GEORGE STREET.

SALEM, LOWER BRADDONS ROW.

BAPTIST, UNION STREET.—Rev. B. Carter, Sundays, 11 A.M., and half-past 6 P.M. Thursdays, 7 P.M.

BRETHREN'S ROOM, 95 UNION STREET.

MEETING FOR ALL CHRISTIANS, TOR.

INDEPENDENT CHAPEL, UNION STREET.—Sundays 11 A.M., half-past six P.M. Wednesdays, quarter past 7 P.M. Rev. J. Orange.

ABBEY ROAD INDEPENDENT CHAPEL.—Sundays
11 A.M., half-past 6 P.M. Wednesdays, 7 P.M.,
Rev. N. Hurry.

PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.

TORBAY INFIRMARY, AND DISPENSARY, HIGHER
UNION STREET.—The dispensary has been in active
operation for eight years, and the wards have
been recently opened for in-patients.

WYCLIFFE HOUSE.—This Western Institution
for consumption is yet in its infancy, but promises
to be a valuable Institution.

HOMŒOPATHIC DISPENSARY, CARY PARADE.

NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM, PARK LANE.—
This Museum, though but of recent date, contains
a valuable collection, especially of fossils. Weekly
lectures are delivered here during the winter.
There is also a small, but well selected library of
works on Natural History.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE, BRADDONS PLACE.

SCHOOLS.

NATIONAL, AT TOR,—for girls and infants.

NATIONAL, IN PIMLICO,—for boys, girls, and infants.

TRINITY CHURCH SCHOOL,—for boys, girls, and infants.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH SCHOOL,—for girls.

ABBAY ROAD SCHOOLS.

HOTELS.

ROYAL HOTEL, Strand. The Assembly Rooms are in this Hotel. Balls and occasional concerts are given here during the winter season. The public meetings of the various religious societies, most of which have branches in Torquay, are also held here.

HEARDER'S FAMILY HOTEL, Victoria Parade.

LONDON HOTEL, Fleet Street.

COMMERCIAL HOTEL, Torwood Row.

UNION HOTEL, Union Street.

APSLEY HOUSE, Family Hotel, and Boarding House, Silver Hill.

OSBORNE HOUSE, Boarding and Lodging House, Hesketh Crescent.

BATHS.

The only public baths at present existing, are at No. 1, Beacon Terrace. They are quite unworthy of the town, and we rejoice to know, that after much talk, and much difficulty, the want which has so long been felt, will now be speedily supplied. The ground has been obtained, the plans fixed upon, and shares taken in sufficient numbers to authorise the committee to proceed at once with their undertaking. They are to occupy the site of the Beacon Hill, part of which will be removed nearly to the sea-level for their erection. A breakwater will be thrown out from the hill to a rock close by, and will form a beautiful promenade, while it will also afford shelter to the

numerous yachts which visit Torquay during the summer. The ladies' bathing cove is also to be enlarged and improved. The baths will be of the best description, and the building will also contain a reading room.

An Annual Regatta, under royal patronage, is held in Torquay, usually in the month of August, and is well supported.

The Horticultural Society hold several flower shows in the Public Gardens.

TABLE

SHOWING THE DISTANCE OF TORQUAY FROM
THE FOLLOWING PLACES.

	MILES.		MILES.
Ashburton . . .	15	Churston Ferrers . .	7
Ashprington . . .	12	Cornworthy . . .	12
Abbotskerswell . .	6½	Chagford . . .	23
Ashcombe . . .	15	Cristow . . .	19
Alphington . . .	22	Dartmouth . . .	12
Babbicombe . . .	2	Dartington . . .	11
Barton . . .	3	Dean Prior . . .	17
Berry Pomeroy . .	8	Dartmoor . . .	18
Brixham . . .	10	Drewsteignton . .	22
Buckfastleigh . .	10	Denbury . . .	9
Bishopsteignton . .	10	Dawlish . . .	12
Bickington . . .	10	Diptford . . .	15
Bovey Tracey . .	14	Dittisham . . .	8
Broadhempston . .	8	Exeter . . .	23
Buckland-in-the-Moor	17	Exminster . . .	20
Compton Castle . .	5	Galmpton . . .	6
Cockington . . .	2	Goodrington . . .	5
Coffinswell . . .	5	Haccombe . . .	5
Combe-in-Teignhead .	7	Hey-Tor Rocks . .	14
Chudleigh . . .	13	Holne Chase . . .	19

	MILES.		MILES.
Hennock . . .	16	Newton Bushell . .	7
Ivy-Bridge . . .	21	North Bovey . . .	21
Ipplepen . . .	8	Ogwell, East . . .	9
Ilington . . .	14	Ogwell, West . . .	9
Ingsdon . . .	11	Oxton . . .	18
Ideford . . .	12	Powderham . . .	16
Kingskerswell . .	4	Paignton . . .	4
Kingswear . . .	8	Plymouth . . .	33
Kent's Cavern . .	2	Rocombe . . .	5½
Kingsteignton . .	8	St. Mary Church . .	3
Kenton . . .	18	Stoke-in-Teignhead .	5
Little Hempston . .	8	Stoke-Gabriel . . .	9
Lustleigh . . .	18	Staverton . . .	11
Marldon . . .	5	Starcross . . .	16
Mary Church . . .	2	Teignmouth . . .	8
Maidencombe . . .	5	Totnes . . .	10
Mamhead . . .	18	Trusham . . .	17
Manaton . . .	18½	Ugbrook . . .	12
Moretonhampstead .	19	Widdicombe-in-the-Moor	20
Newton Abbott . .	7	Woodland . . .	23

THE END.



